

# thdays and An



4th Birthday

Tracy will celebrate his  
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acy was a teacher and  
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and his wife, Vere  
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um that many of their  
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ty is looking forward  
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of 1926 will have it's  
The class of '26 is  
r the placement of the  
rker on the front lawn  
Bank School.

## VOL 50, NO 43

### BIG BEAR KILLED

June 1, Charles and Dallas Tacy, Charles Sheets, Jake McLeod, Andy Gelger and little Bill Taylor (aged 10 years) went into Cheat to get the big bear that has been hanging out around Bald Knob since last fall. He was supposed to be waiting for the farmers to turn their sheep into the mountain range this spring. The Tacs and little Bill took the seven bear dogs to look for fresh sign, while the rest took stands. The sign was found on top of Cheat, back of the Hoover place. They jumped the bear about nine o'clock. In a short chase the dogs over hauled the bear, and in the first round he landed on old "Nig," the best fighting dog, and put him out of the fight for keeps. The bear then got a swipe at "Chainy", and creased him pretty deeply with one claw, and that dog retired to his master. "Nip" went out of the fight when his pal "Nig" was knocked out, stayed by him, and got the wounded dog home on June 3. Thus by noon the bear had put three good dogs out of the chase. However, the other dogs Max, Jim, Jack and Mutt stayed on the job and made the bear hunt wallow holes until four o'clock, and then the hunters called it a day and went in.

The next morning Dallas and Jake went with the dogs. The Tacs said all the dogs in Pocahontas could not tree that bear. Again about nine o'clock the bear was jumped, and after a chase of nearly an hour the party heard Dallas shoot once, and then give the signal to come. He was a monster bear.

One of the party writes: "I do not know how such a brute could get through the laurel thickets on Cheat Mountain, but I could very well understand why he would not tree—he did not have to. He could take care of himself on the ground. How much would he weigh? His hide weighed around 100 pounds, and measured seven by nine feet. His foot measured seven inches across the ball. The Tacs said he was the biggest one of the 26 bears they have killed. All I know he was a whopper. The pelt was black and in beautiful condition. We guessed the weight at 500 pounds and better. Five or six dried out the hide and some 300 pounds of meat. The brute was so fat, cutting nearly three inches of fat on the rump. We left all but the four quarters for the ravens; these birds being plentiful on Cheat Mountain."



# Mingo Flats, W. Va. Site Of First International Hockey Match In U. S.

\* \* \*  
By RICHARD HALL, of Mingo, W. Va.

Fifty years ago, early in the year 1883, the quiet little community of Mingo Flats, in Randolph county, was visited by two young Englishmen, on the lookout for a grazing farm. They were: R. B. Cholmondelay and C. H. R. Bruce, with them was their cook and servant, W. P. Loyd.

They purchased the farm and home of Amos Hevener, and were soon settled and accepted into the life of the community. It was not long, however, until more Englishmen came, and early in the 90's there were more than fifty men in the colony, not to mention their wives, children and servants.

## Of English Breeding

In most cases the landowners were younger sons of well-to-do families in England. They were attracted to the United States to learn sheep and cattle farming. Hearing, no doubt, that good land was plentiful and cheap in West Virginia, they came into the state across the Alleghany mountains from Virginia.

A feature contributed by an Exponent-Telegram reader.

It was not long until these men had begun to introduce English customs and manners into the community. They were a sport-loving lot and they introduced

12 a. m.—Dinner "Barbecue."

1 p. m.—Stable duty.

2 p. m.—Baseball game. "Marlington Greys vs. Mingo Magpies," played at Mingo, West Virginia, U. S. A.

5 p. m.—Refreshments.

6:30 p. m.—Supper.

7 p. m.—Dress parade.

12 p. m.—Taps.

If some one does not come forward with conflicting statistics, the citizens of Mingo claim that the first international hockey match ever played in the United States was played at Mingo. The records do not show the result of that interesting engagement. It is safe to say, however, that England carried the day.

Since "refreshments" have such an important place on the program, one would guess that Arthur Lawson did not follow closely in the footsteps of his illustrious father.

## Orderly Farms

It must not be thought that these hardy Englishmen spent all their time at play. They were, on the contrary, most progressive farmers. They brought with them the Englishman's love for orderliness and system. Their homes were not pretentious, but they were well kept and beautiful. The farms were kept clean, fences were always in the best repair, being built of boards and white-

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A feature contributed by an Exponent-Telegram reader.

It was not long until these men had begun to introduce English customs and manners into the community. They were a sport-loving lot and they introduced a new brand of sports to the people in Randolph and Pocahontas counties. Soccer football was played at Mingo as early as 1892. They brought with them the first hammerless guns and first fly rods ever seen in that section.

#### A Day's Sports

One of the many interesting and unusual individuals of this unique settlement was Sir Arthur Lawson. (He inherited the title when he returned to England.) He was the son of Sir Wilfred Lawson, known as England's "Great Teetotaler."

Arthur Lawson came to Mingo in 1895. He soon became a leader in the sporting life of the settlement. The following is a program compiled by the late Sir Arthur Lawson. It shows something of the nature of the games and pastimes:

#### Program of Sports

##### "Mingo Bonspiel and Carnival Celebrations"

August 5, 1905

##### "Fair Play and No Favors"

- 6 a. m.—Reveille.
- 7 a. m.—Breakfast.
- 8 a. m.—Guard mount.
- 9 a. m.—Drill.
- 10 a. m.—International Hockey match. (America vs. England. Played in Lawson's Meadow.)

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About the year 1892 a race track was built on Mingo Flats. It still can be seen on the farm of J. M. Leale. It was a half-mile track and was used for horse and foot races. Mr. S. H. Wood, well-known merchant and citizen of Mingo, tells interestingly how the Englishman came to him to engage his services in laying out the track. Mr. Wood had learned something about surveying, so with the aid of a roll of Manila rope and a transit, Mr. Wood laid out Randolph county's first race course, and an excellent job it was.

#### Prizes Not Important

At this historic track, during the summer and fall months, races were frequently held. No admission was ever charged, nor were any fancy prizes given to the winners. Mr. Wood says that the prizes were sometimes a five-cent tin cup, purchased at his store. However, the competition was great.

The subject of races brings us to the steeplechase which the English held each year. This race was run over a five-mile course, full of hazards, such as rail fences, laurel thickets and streams of water. Hundreds of people came from all points to witness the steeplechase. Spills were plentiful, although no one was ever seriously hurt. One horse was killed during a race, the records show.

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### Highland Tragedy

The only Englishman who died at Mingo and was buried at the Mingo cemetery figured in a famous long-distance race with Dr. Norman Price, of Marlinton. The race was run on foot from Mingo to Marlinton, a distance of twenty-seven miles. It is said the Eng-

lishman, E. S. L. Grews, won the race. The strain was so great that his health was never the same afterward.

Grews went hunting alone one day during the winter. He did not return, and a search was organized. His body was found on a large rock on the bank of Big Run, not far from where the aviator, Bobbit, met his fate on Christmas day, 1931. Grews had frozen to death, and the blame was laid to his weakened condition caused by the long race with Dr. Price. Fishermen angling for trout on Big Run will come to a large wooden cross which is cemented in the rock at the place Grews' body was found.

### Marks Horse's Grave

The English loved their horses and dogs. Sir Arthur Lawson thought so much of "Trixie," his favorite hunter, that when she died he put a marble slab to her grave and planted a hemlock tree over it. The grave still remains on the Lawson farm, which is now owned by Mrs. F. P. Marshall, of Mingo.

Polo was tried, but the hunter type of horse did not prove a good polo pony, so the game was dropped from the list of sports. The Englishman's delight in fox chasing on horses could not be fully enjoyed, because of the geography of the land. Paper chases took the place of fox chasing, and was no less interesting and exciting.

One man was given a good start with two sacks of torn paper. He

Hot Springs, Va.), Reggie Tuke (1889), Cecil Tuke, Douglas Hodson (1891), George Tompkins, R. C. Hales, Pat Montgomery, P. C. Puckle, Ruben Vint, Hubert Ernshaw and mother, Burt Ernshaw and wife (1893), E. K. Bruce, James Dunk, Earnest Hebden and wife, W. P. Hill, A. Hazelrigg (killed in Boar war), Mr. Hainstock, Brooke Hunt (1894), C. M. Burden and wife, M. L. Bowen, C. H. Pinnell, E. S. L. Grews (buried at Mingo cemetery; (1893), Thomas Ricketts, Dashwood Ricketts (1894), Albert Kay, O. N. Miles (present pastor of Mingo Presbyterian church; resides at Marlinton), J. C. Foster, C. C. Dacres, James Larkins, Mr. Metcalf, Frank Clevenger and sister, Harriett Clevenger (1895), Jack Bruce, Hubert Edwards, Bertie Edwards (1902).

### Their Record Lives

"Fairview," the farm of Archie Bruce, now belongs to J. H. Beale, of Mingo. "Duffrin," the Lawson farm, is owned by Mrs. F. P. Marshall, of Mingo. G. N. Wilson, clerk of the circuit court of Randolph county, owns the Grews farm. The West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company owns the Charlie Bruce and Meek farms. J. H. Jordan, Mace, Pocahontas county, owns the Hebden farm. Patrick Vandevander, Linwood, Pocahontas county, owns the Latimer Tuke farm. Ellett Ramsey, Valley Head, Randolph county, owns the Reggie



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#### Return to World War

The settlement did not break up entirely until the World war. Several of the colonists went back to England to join their regiments. Some of the young men were killed in action during the early days of the war. Lieutenant Christopher Hodson was killed in action in 1917. A son of Archie Bruce went down with his ship in the North Sea. Major E. K. Bruce, a veteran of the Sudan war and the Boar war, as well as the World war, now lives in England. The old major is past 80 years, but still enjoys good health. Mrs. S. H. Wood, of Mingo, received a letter from him this last Christmas.

#### Prominent Names

The following list of names will be familiar to many citizens of central West Virginia:

R. B. Cholmondelay, C. H. R. Bruce, W. P. Lloyd, 1883 (Mrs. Bruce, two children and three servants came to Mingo in 1898), Herbert Carter, H. E. Meek (1885), Herbert Beauclerk (1886), Christopher Hodson (1891), H. S. Veum, James Hebden and wife, A. D. Bruce, wife and maid, W. T. Langworthy, J. D. Langworthy, James McKenzie (1892), S. D. Durmond, Mr. West (1896).

Latimer Tuke (now living at

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The passing of this colony of splendid men and women was regretted by all who knew them. Their honesty, courtesy and clean, fair play, was of boundless influence to the community in which they lived. All who remember them speak with praise of their ever-ready help for the needy and sympathy for the suffering. Mingo, and Randolph and Pocahontas counties, are better for their having lived there.



## 2-29-40 TALL TALES P.T.

By Jack Prebles in Steubenville, Ohio  
Herald Star:

Last week end Slugger Martin and myself made our winter pilgrimage into the mountains of West Virginia. While in Marlinton we heard a story that's a wow. It seems like the mountaineers in that section of Pocahontas county have been pestered with panthers, coyotes and other strange varmints, all raising havoc with the sheep, calves and deer. Then to top it all off the news got around from Webster Springs that some new fangled kind of a critter resembling a "blue-faced devil" was responsible for all these depredations. No one had ever seen this devil or observed his tracks.

The stock killing finally reached such proportions on one man's tract of land that he decided to organize all his friends and relations into a gigantic varmint drive. They met bright and early one morning at this man's home, hound dogs and all. As they were mapping their campaign and planning ways and means to combat this menace in the knee deep snow, the cabin door was suddenly flung open by a white-faced, almost breathless hunter who gasped, "Gosh a-mighty, kinfolks, grab yore shootin' arns for the devil hisself's jest left tracks acrost the pasture lot!"

No time was lost in assembling and turning loose the assorted cat and bear dogs. Fresh shells were thrown into the various firearms and out into the deep snow they floundered. The chase was on! They soon reached the old pasture lot and found the tracks of the varmint clearly outlined in the snow. We were told they were at least fourteen inches wide and about twenty inches long, that they were oval in shape and had the stride of a six foot man. No amateur hunters, these mountaineers. The could also pound for pound the varmint size. Fearless, undaunted, they commenced to trail this unknown creature. Much trouble was experienced with the hound dogs, usually expert trailers. They seemed lifeless listless and disinterested. This was attributed to their disinclination to tangle with a "devil" in mortal combat. Others said they were useless trackers in any kind of snow. Nevertheless, on they went.

Up the mountain side and across the glades through tangled thickets of spruce and laurel and down and up another mountain side. This tracking kept up for over six hours. Finally the gigantic tracks grew firmer and plainer, the hunters more and more excited. Only a matter of a night the monster devil. Again and again the firearms were inspected and the trail dogs urged on to greater efforts who were by now practically swimming in the deep snow.

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they should engage the devil. Soon they broke through a clump of balsam fir and saw far ahead the shuffling figure of the varmint. With a final burst of speed they closed in on this figure and discovered to their disgust and disappointment it was nothing but the local game warden trying out for the first time his new mail order bear paw showshoes.

The hunters were so shame faced they tried to hush the story up and no paper in that part of the state would print a word of it. As we do not expect to be back in that part of the world until trout season opens I feel free to write it. Maybe it will all blow over when I return. At least I hope so for those fellows are crack shots with their "shootin' arns."

The recent winter's extreme cold and deep snow has been a marvel to the southern mountaineers. For the first time in many a year the game wardens and forest rangers have used snow shoes and skis to navigate the forests. I have no idea what a mountaineer would mistake a ski track for. Possibly think he was on the trail of a snow snake or something.

We also heard a good story from the lips of G. D. McNeill, superintendent of schools in Marlinton. Mr McNeill is a gentleman of the old school with a delicious sense of humor and author of "Camp Fires on Happy Rivers." His daughter, Louise McNeill, is the author of "Gauley Mountain." Mr McNeill told me about the city fellow that came into the mountains last fall to hunt grouse and woodcock. He borrowed an excellent bird dog from a mountaineer friend and started out all alone. He was warned against getting lost in the woods but paid his advisors scant attention. Late in the day toward dusk, the city fellow attempted to find his way back to the cabin. He was hopelessly lost.

After floundering around for several hours and getting no place he decided to make a night of it in a nest of leaves and make another try for civilization in the morning. Calling the faithful dog over to him for companionship and safe keeping the hunter twisted the dog's chain securely into his vest for an anchor and then composed himself for an unbroken night's sleep.

He awakened in the morning to find the dog gone—and stranger still, his heavy knitted underwear had vanished from underneath his fully clothed body. But a shriveled piece of cord still remained attached to his vest button. Gathering in this twisted cord the hunter proceeded to follow it.

For over three miles he tracked the thread and reeled it in. And, believe it or not, this thread was his own underwear that had been snagged by a projecting iron silver on the dog chain. It led him directly back to the mountain cabin he had left the morning before. The other end of the raveled out underwear was still attached to the the bird dog when they called him out from under the cabin. Wonderful are the things one finds in Nature and West Virginia.

## "BUFORDS"

Dear Editor:

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I have noticed from your columns the last few months that you have a pretty good stock of what Lowell Thomas would call "tall stories."

I wonder if you know that the Greenbrier country produced the original "tall story" teller long before Pocahontas County was born. My grandfather, Enoch Ewing, born and bred on Swago Creek, and 11 years of age when his father, William, moved to Ohio in 1810, used to chuckle over a line of what he called "Bufords."

One was about a pioneer hunter, who discovered six owls sitting in a row upon the limb of a tree. The hunter, in order to get a better position where he could pick off one at a time, observed as he moved around, the faces of the owls followed him. He made a complete circle and the owls kept their faces toward him all the way around. A happy thought struck him that if he kept on going around the circle, the owls would twist their heads off. At the completion of the second trip around, their heads dropped off, and the hunter had six birds without firing a shot.

The other one I recall was about a pioneer who was out in the woods splitting rails. The log was large and tough. Just as he was entering a wedge, he was surprised by the appearance of four Indians. The Indians pretended to be friendly, but the rail splitter was dubious. The Indians, he noticed, were very much interested in the process of rail splitting and looked on with much concern. The pioneer was fairly caught,



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November, 1967



MR. MACE OF HOG MOUNTAIN

Paul Lake

When Mr. Rowell assigned each of the students in the two journalism classes a character sketch on a teacher, I thought it was going to be a routine assignment.

Was it?

Not for me it wasn't! I picked Mr. Mace as the teacher I was to interview.

He seemed like just any other better than average teacher, though I did detect a subtle sense of humor which has helped to liven up many history lectures. But I wasn't at all prepared for what took place at the interview which I had with him.

My first question was a simple one, "When were you born?"

Mr. Mace gazed out of the window and seemed to be turning the pages of his life back one by one. Then he told me that he was born in 1879 and that he was 88 years old.

My second question was "Where were you born?"

Still gazing out of the window he told me that he was born on Hog Mountain. (Yes, you read it right--Hog Mountain.)

Hog Mountain, I learned, was a large area which covers parts of Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina. Also, South Carolina, eastern Tennessee and northern Georgia.

I believed him! (How can you doubt a man who's 88 years old?)

After these initial questions were answered, this wise old sage related to me the rest of his life.

He had a "normal childhood."

Unlike other people, Mr. Mace never had to learn to read and write. He was "born literate." The reason he knows on what day he was born is that he read it in the "Hog Mountain Chronicle."

Although for the first ten years of his life he lived in "a great big hollow tree." (They cooked outside, naturally.) He was quite a prodigy.

At the age of three he was making corn liquor from a still which he made himself. Later he helped his grandfather raise "balancing hogs."

He started his formal education at age 25.

He graduated from "The College of Hard Knocks" with honors and from there attended seven other universities.

Mr. Mace met his wife in jail. He was visiting a relative who was arrested for making "anti-freeze" and his future wife was there visiting a relative who was arrested for drinking "anti-freeze."

It wasn't love-at-first sight, though, they went together for 18 years before becoming engaged.

Mr. Mace now teaches history here at Edgewood and resides in his home. He is "the master of his home" although he says, "I have stopped beating my wife."

Besides trying to break Methuzala's record for years lived, Mr. Mace is an amateur musician and he reads quite a bit.

He is quite a character.





5-25-67  
Dr. Reed Davis, Dean at West Virginia Institute of Technology at Montgomery, will speak to the Seniors of Marlinton High School at their Commencement on Thursday evening, May 25, at 8:00 p. m. in the Marlinton Methodist Church. Dr. Davis is a graduate of Marlinton High School and a former teacher here.



## 'WAY BACK WHEN

Do you remember 'way back when  
(Say thirty, forty years)

You never saw your sweetheart's  
limbs,

But judged her by her ears?

The kids were washed each Saturday  
night,

Their daddy cut their hair,

Their suits were made from uncle's  
pants,

They wore no underwear.

Women padded but didn't paint.

Nor smoke, nor drink nor vote

The men wore boots and small stiff  
hats

And whiskers like a goat.

Not a soul had appendicitis,

Nor thought of buying glands;

The butcher gave his liver away

But charged you for his hams,

You never had a bank account,

Your beer scored six per cent.

The hired girl got three bucks a week

And twelve bones paid the rent.—An

old newspaper clipping sent in by

Mrs Mary F. Gum, of Marlinton.

3-5-20

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## POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., at second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, AUG. 24, 1950

### They Sent It In

After your dog is eight years old, treat him as an old servant who has served you well and and faithfully. Speak just a little more softly to him, let him take just a little more time getting up stairs, cut his food just a little more finely, as his tail wags heavily in appreeiation, for that is much easier than for him to bound to you and leap up in joy as often he was known to do. Have a thought in memory for the young years of serving he gave you without a whimper of regret. You are his last hold on things earthly and you are still to him his god and the most important personage in the world. —From West Virginia Hills and Streams.

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Don, Dean at West Virginia Institute of Technology. will be honored at National at their school on Thursday.

The Gibson Reunion of July 2, 1972, Willie and Stella Gibson and their 12 children were together for the first time, as the oldest child was married on the day the youngest was born. Of their 31 grandchildren, 20 of them were present, and of 4 great-grandchildren 3 were present.

Mrs. Goldie Sampson, of Upland, California, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laboe and daughter, Susie, her husband, George and their 2 children, Robert and George, IV, of Wyandotte, Michigan, Mrs. Geneive Dinkins and daughter, Judy, of Lighthouse Point, Florida, Mrs. Mamie Napier and children, Mark and Vickie, of Columbia, South Carolina, Mr. and Mrs. Sterl Gibson and children, Lloyd, Boyd, Randy and Sandy, of Charleston, S. C. Mrs. Penny Drewery and 3 of her children, Michael and friend, Nancy, Barbara Ann, Debbie and her husband, Bruce and their daughter, Sherrie, of Taylor, Michigan, Kemp Gibson, of Charlesmont, Massachusetts, Mrs. Dottie Gay and friend, Harvey, and her two children, Jeff and Teri, Vermilion, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Collett Gibson and children, Allen, Harry, and Diane, of St. Jose, California, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry VanReenan and daughter, Jeri Leah, of Marlinton, Mr. and Mrs. Granville Gibson and son, Steven, of Fresno, California, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Palko and daughters, Sandy and Linda Louise, of Avon Lake, Ohio.

Miss Mary Ann Corbett is visiting her uncle and aunt, Colonel and Mrs. E. H. Lahti, at Herndon, Virginia.

Mrs. Thomas N. Allebaugh, the former Elizabeth Baker Hannah and granddaughter of Mrs. Levie Hannah, of Mustoe, Virginia, attended an Economics Seminar in New York last week. Mrs. Allebaugh is a member of the high school faculty at Broadway, Virginia.

CASS — West Virginia's Cass Scenic Railroad, one of America's largest tourist lines, will receive three additional steam locomotives in the near future, according to Kermit McKeever, chief of the Division of Parks and Recreation, owners of the state park line. The logging-type locomotives are being acquired to provide adequate motive power for increased business and to complete the acquisition of all three types of rare logging engines, McKeever said.

Two of the Iron Horses are of the Shay design, most popular logging engine used in the nation's woods between 1890 and 1960. The third locomotive is a "Climax," rarest logging machine built and thought to be the last such engine available for restoration in the world.

The need for back-up motive power to be used at Cass on peak days has been acute since railroad excursion service was extended to the top of Bald Knob, West Virginia's second-highest mountain, in 1968. During 1970, when the line carried 71,105 persons to set an all-time record, as many as 150 persons were turned away on Sundays for lack of available equipment.

Largest of the new engines is a "Pacific Coast" type super-Shay, designed in the late 1920's by Lima Locomotive Works in Ohio as the ultimate steam engine design in the world, which was sold in large quantities to timber firms on the west coast. None of the huge Shays ever worked in the east, according to John P. Killoran, a state park official who located the engines and arranged for their purchase.

The big Shay has operated in switching and logging service throughout the Canadian province of British Columbia since it was built in 1928 and was purchased by the Cass Railroad from Vancouver Wharves in



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The big Shay has operated in switching and logging service throughout the Canadian province of British Columbia since it was built in 1928 and was purchased by the Cass Railroad from Vancouver Wharves in

North Vancouver, B. C. It was in revenue service until Sept.

21. The engine, which weighs almost 100 tons, will outpull the largest existing Cass engine by over 25 per cent, Killoran said.

Assigned Cass number "2," the Canadian logger will be used to haul trains on the tough Bald Knob run, where it will handle three cars more than the former engines used on that run. It is an oil-burning locomotive, meaning that smoke emission is drastically reduced along with emission of sparks which have been known to set small track-side fires.

A second Shay located on the west coast will also come to Cass for extended service. The 90-ton oil burning engine is being leased to the Cass Railroad by the Oregon Historical Society of Portland, which acquired it from the Mount Emily Lumber Company a dozen years ago.

Both Shays will be moved from their present locations to Cass on special heavy-duty flat cars by the Burlington Northern and Chesapeake and Ohio-Baltimore and Ohio Railroads. Transportation charges, which could have amounted to several thousand dollars, were donated to the Cass program by the two railroad companies through the cooperation of the Association of American Railroads.

Acquisition of a "Climax" type engine was an especially significant event for Cass. The park system has sought an engine of this rare type for several years to place with their several Shays and equally unique Heisler type logging locomotive to make the first complete collection of logging engines in the country.

According to Pacific Railroad News, one of the most authoritative rail logging publications in America, the Cass Railroad will be the first U. S. museum or rail attraction to operate each type of geared

steam locomotive.

The Climax, a 70-ton engine, was the last of its type to operate commercially in the United States, being used by the Middle Fork Railroad at Ellamore — between Elkins and Buckhannon — until 1960. Since that time it has been stored for possible use on a tourist line planned for that area. The Natural Resources Department acquired it in November of 1970 from Robert Johnson of Rossville, Ga., promoter of the Ellamore project, after his plans for that area were dropped because of re-establishment of service on the railroad for coal hauling.

Additional passenger cars for the railroad are being constructed by the line's shop from former logging cars donated to the state by Clinchfield Coal Co. and Georgia Pacific Corp., McKeever said. Two such cars were finished this fall, with three additional coaches due for completion by the time the Cass line opens for its 1971 season.

The operating schedule of the Cass Scenic Railroad will also be expanded next year, McKeever announced. Three daily trains to Whittaker Station, an eight mile round trip, will be added Tuesdays during the summer months, running at 11 a.m., 1 and 3 p.m. A special train will operate on eight Sundays to connect with newly announced mainline steam excursions to Cass from the Ronc ever te - Lewisburg-White Sulphur Springs region. These runs will also terminate at Whittaker Station, McKeever said.

Additional passengers on the popular 22 mile trip to Bald Knob will be handled by extra cars and locomotives on the noon daily run. The super-power west coast Shays will be used to increase capacity on this trip, which saw an almost 50 per cent increase in ticket sales during 1970.

Both new Shays are expected

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to be ready for service after moderate shop repairs. The Climax engine, stored for over 10 years out of doors, will require an extensive overhaul and may not be operated for several years, although it will be available for display to Cass visitors in 1971, McKeever concluded.





## The Big Spring Presbyterian Church

By Sheriff Given

### BIG SPRING PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

On Sunday morning, Oct. 8, 1989, I was out of bed at 6:30 a.m. and on my way from Webster Springs, across lovely Point Mountain, passing the Hamrick, Gregory, Riggleman reunion grounds, observing nature as it changes from summer to fall. The lovely colors of the leaves presented an awesome look as we pass through the last of the 20th century. I stopped at Tomblin's Restaurant and Motel, 6 miles out of Valley Head on 219 and scenic Route 55, just across the Pocahontas County line and only a stone's throw from Mingo Flats and the great dreamer, and much honored statue of Robert E. Lee, the great traveler, and fighter and conqueror of Mingo Chief, John Logan. Their statues are only 1/4 mile apart. After breakfast, driving another two miles, passing the Big Spring Country Store, Restaurant and Ski Barn, arriving in the country church yard of the Big Spring Presbyterian Church to be greeted by 22 local community leaders.

Mr. Rice, the young carpenter, contractor, energetic preacher from Elkins and Randolph County who is lay speaker and preacher for three Presbyterian churches, Mingo, Big Spring and Mary's Chapel, above Ralph Beckwith's sawmill. Mr. Rice, a good looking, soft-spoken, well-dressed, self-made individual delivered an excellent sermon on love, family and family problems. He ended his sermon by telling a story about an Elkins man who always sits on the front pew, and was always asleep after the first two minutes of the sermon. Mr. Rice had to close his sermon at 10:55 a.m. to make his commitment to preach at 11:30 a.m. at his other church, Mingo Presbyterian.

I am seated by Boyd Vandevender, a long-time native, whose the wife is Big Springs' surrounding farmer Mr. Kyle Hannah, who is the pillar of the

Big Spring Presbyterian Church, a local cattle owner and farmer, who puts up hay till the frost comes, and the sun's heating rays vanish.

The preacher's pulpit directly in front of a built-in observation vestibule, with 3 English style chairs, purchased years ago from an abandoned church in Tucker County, close to St. George and the older CCC camp. They have very ordinary pulpits and an old fashioned piano with excellent sound. Mrs. Hazel Vandevender touched the keys with gifted fingers, as the 21 guests joined with altos, bass, tenors. Everybody was all smiles as the sounds disappeared upward in the 35-foot ceiling of #1 3-inch spruce ceiling from Mower Lumber Co. of Cass. The church had 4 foot of fir wainscoting, about 20 foot of wood lathe covered with plaster, a sloped ceiling of #1 3-inch spruce on the rafter slope of 12' on 12' slope, a 16' x 16' flue of brick was in the center of the church, with a coal stove on one side, and a fuel oil stove on the other side, both unconnected and the church heated today with a fuel oil furnace.

The church, built in the winter and spring of 1909 and 1910, by a Mr. Cool for \$370 and paid for \$50 monthly, was dedicated in 1911. The first pastor was a Mr. Gibbs. Mr. Robert Hudson from Union of Monroe County, was the lay speaker for the dedication. Much could be said about this dedication, everybody for miles around was in attendance. It was like the big log rollings of the early 1900s, a big picnic, a square dance, a little drinking, and usually a fight, and sometimes a little shooting. This dedication was no different than modern day dedications of the early 1900s. If you can find someone who attended this dedication, they could tell you an interesting story.

It might be well that some of you people at Snowshoe and Silver Creek, from the "Island in the Sky," descend to the lower altitude, and attend the Big Spring Church services, held each Sunday morning at 10:00 a.m. with Mr. Rice, in the pulpit and Hazel Vandevender on the piano, and Big Springs' best farmer on the collection plate, Mr. Kyle Hannah.

Was Jesse Hughes Born in Allegheny Co.  
From Hon. R. B. McWhorter, of  
Covington, Virginia.

The most noted Indian scout of northwestern Virginia was Jesse Hughes, who spent the most of his life near what is now Buckhannon, West Virginia. Mr. L. V. McWhorter in his book entitled "The Borderlands of Northwestern Virginia" gives a full biography of this famous scout. Mr. McWhorter also traces the birthplace of Jesse Hughes at length. It is evident that he was not a native of the section in which he lived the major portion of his life, but that he migrated there during his early manhood, probably from the South branch of the Potomac River, or from Jacksons River.

In discussing the birthplace of Jesse Hughes, Mr. McWhorter says that one of the descendants of Hughes made the statement that Jesse Hughes was born in Allegheny County, Virginia, on Jacksons River near the Greenbrier county line on a farm that had a large river bottom, and that the person who made this statement had frequently passed by the place of his birth. In going to and from the Jacksons River section. It happens that there is a place in Allegheny county which exactly fits this description, namely the James R. McAllister Farm, which is in the northwestern section of Allegheny County on Jacksons River, near the Bath county line. This particular farm lays in the bend of the river and is a large body of bottom land. At this place Jacksons River runs very near to the Allegheny Mountains. In fact, this is the only place where Jacksons River is near to the Greenbrier county line. It is only four or five miles from the river back to the top of the Allegheny Mountains. There is a long narrow valley leading from the river at this point back toward the top of the Allegheny Mountains and a road leading across this way, which was no doubt used by the early settlers as a thoroughfare in crossing the mountains. This little valley is called Hughes Draft and it is entirely probable that Mr. McWhorter's informant traveled right down this Draft in crossing from Greenbrier county to Jacksons river. For whom this valley was named we do not know, probably for the famous Jesse Hughes.

Mr. John R. Thomas, a Confederate soldier and aged citizen, now deceased, told the writer in 1918 that he once lived for a long time in Hughes Draft, near the Bath-Allegheny county line. He said that many years ago an old lady by the name of Mrs. Fannie Rucker told him that Jesse Hughes once lived in Hughes Draft. This statement was made by Mrs. Rucker to Mr. Thomas when he was a very young man, which was many years ago as he was 77 years of age when this statement was made in 1918. Mr. Thomas also stated that there was the ruins of an old house in Hughes Draft where Jesse Hughes is supposed to have lived. Many years ago a curious stone pipe was found near this old house which has since been lost. The place where this house was located was up in Hughes Draft about two and one-half miles from Jacksons river. Mr. Thomas further stated that Mrs. Rucker told him a great many things about Jesse Hughes which he cannot now recollect, due to his advanced age. Mrs. Rucker died about 1870 at a very old age—probably some hundred years. Her husband was a veteran of one of the wars.

born and raised in the Big Bend of Jacksons River, which is just below Covington. When Jesse Hughes killed these two Indians they had in their possession Carpenter's gun and other property which Hughes knew and identified. He was so enraged because of the murder of Carpenter that he flayed and skinned the Indians and a shot pouch was made out of one of the skins of the Indians. This is stated by Mr. McWhorter and seems to be an historical fact.

Now it would seem to be very probable that Jesse Hughes and the Carpenters were acquainted before they moved from Allegheny county, as the Big Bend of Jacksons River where Carpenter was born and raised is only about eight or nine miles from the place where Jesse Hughes is supposed to have been born. All of these circumstances taken together would seem to indicate that Jesse Hughes was born in Allegheny County, as stated by Mr. McWhorter's informant.





# *The Big Spring Presbyterian Church*

By Sheriff Given

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## Arbovale United Methodist Church Celebrates 100 Years



History of the Arbovale United Methodist Church would not be complete without including highlights of earlier pioneer churches in the area. On what is now the Arbovale Cemetery, a church was built in 1804, the first church erected in the eastern part of Pocahontas County. The church was named The Deer Creek Union Church because its membership was of mixed denomination - Methodist and Presbyterian. Other ancestors worshiped in a small Methodist Church located on Top of Allegheny Mountain. This church was called Mt. Hobert Methodist Church and was dedicated in 1850. From these former churches, the Northern Methodist Church, now known as the Arbovale United Methodist Church was organized on January 23, 1895, building began August 7, 1895, and dedicated in 1899.

Land, building materials, labor and other finances were donated by members of the community. The head carpenter was paid \$1.25 per day, others were paid \$1.15 and .75 per day. Kerosene lamps were first used, followed by gasoline with mantles, a Delco electric system in the late 1920's and finally electric power in 1937.

In the year 1903, a Methodist and United Brethren Union Church was erected on Top of Allegheny Mountain about one-fourth mile west of Mt. Hobert. This was abandoned and torn down in 1940 with the Arbovale Church and the Brethren Church dividing the

building materials and fixtures. The Arbovale Church used its portion to help build Sunday School rooms onto the original building. Wood stoves were used until 1948 when a coal furnace was installed which was converted to fuel oil in 1959. In 1986 a pavilion was added to the church grounds.

Over the years many improvements have been made that add to the comfort and beauty of the church building, including a vestibule on the front, an outside lighted bulletin board and beautiful stained glass windows. In 1992 a major construction was completed on the north end of the church which contains a kitchen, a large dining room which can also be used for classrooms and an upper level which is used for Sunday School classrooms. A more detailed history can be found in a 48 page

centennial booklet consisting of church history and human interest stories available from members of the congregation.

Rev. David Fuller and the congregation invite the public to join the program of anniversary events to celebrate this occasion which will begin on Wednesday, August 16, with an all day prayer vigil to ask God's blessing on the Body of Christ and its vision into the future. Thursday, August 17, at 7 p.m. there will be a gathering at the church to sing songs from the past and hear a message from Circuit Riding Preacher Rev. Eddie Kyle, who is a former minister and is presently serving the Mingo Charge in Randolph County. On Friday, August 18, at 7 p.m. the children of the church will present a skit and musical program. Birthday refreshments will follow in the Fellowship Hall.

Saturday, August 19, the program will be centered at the pavilion where at 5 p.m. there will be an old-fashioned box supper, ice cream social and hot dogs with the trimmings. Entertainment of Blue Grass, Country and Gospel music will be presented by the Buffalo Chips. On Sunday, August 20, Sunday School will begin at 10 a.m. followed by a special worship service at 11. A covered dish lunch will begin at 12:30 after which there will be time for fellowship and special music by the Valley Gospel Echoes from Randolph County. At 3 in the afternoon a time capsule will be buried on the church ground scheduled to be reopened in the year 2045.

Inquiries may be directed to Fred Crews at 456-4798 or Betty Lambert at 456-4295.

5-14-70



## Celebrates 100 Years

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Inquiries may be directed to Ted Crews at 456-4798 or Betty Lambert at 456-4295.

THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1970

## Steam Engine on the Greenbrier Division!!!

By Bill McNeel

5-14-70

The steam locomotive and the passenger train may return to the Greenbrier sub-division this summer in the form of steam powered excursion trains from Ronceverte to Cass and return if the plans of a committee of Greenbrier County citizens headed by Marshall Casdorph come to pass. The possibility of this new addition to the tourist attractions of our area becoming a reality seems good following a meeting of Mr. Casdorph's committee, Chesapeake and Ohio Railway officials, officials of Steam Tours, Inc., who own the equipment to be used and interested persons from Pocahontas, Greenbrier, and Summers Counties on Saturday in Ronceverte. Also at the meeting was Congressman Harley Staggers, who indicated his support for this project.

Present plans call for six trips in late summer or early fall this year, expanding into trips several days a week or perhaps daily for the entire summer in the following years if this summer's demonstration excursions are successful. The train will originate at Ronceverte and leave there about 9:00 in order to arrive at Cass about noon with several intermediate stops, including Marlinton, for passengers enroute. It will remain in Cass until 3:00 so the passengers may take the 1:00 o'clock Cass Scenic Railroad train to Whitaker if they wish and return to Ronceverte about 6:00.

The equipment will consist of the former Reading Railroad steam locomotive number 2102, with a 4-8-4 wheel arrangement, and eight to ten passenger cars. This engine is the largest operating steam locomotive in the United States, and has been used on numerous excursions in the past several years.

## America's Fi

By Ulrich Troubetzkoy

VIRGINIA'S first General Assembly last-  
ed only five days because of the "extrem-  
ism" and "the falling sick of diverse of  
the Burgessses." But the members were well  
worth their pay in "the best Tobacco" for,  
in spite of the humidity, the men who met  
in legislature on matters ranging from "ex-  
treme in apparell" to treason, left a bright  
mark on human history.  
All of us learn in school about this first  
legislative assembly on the Western Hemi-  
sphere, but most of us are vague about  
what really went on in the "Quire of the  
Church" at Jamestown.  
Actually, the first charter, granted in  
1606, had anticipated this epochal develop-



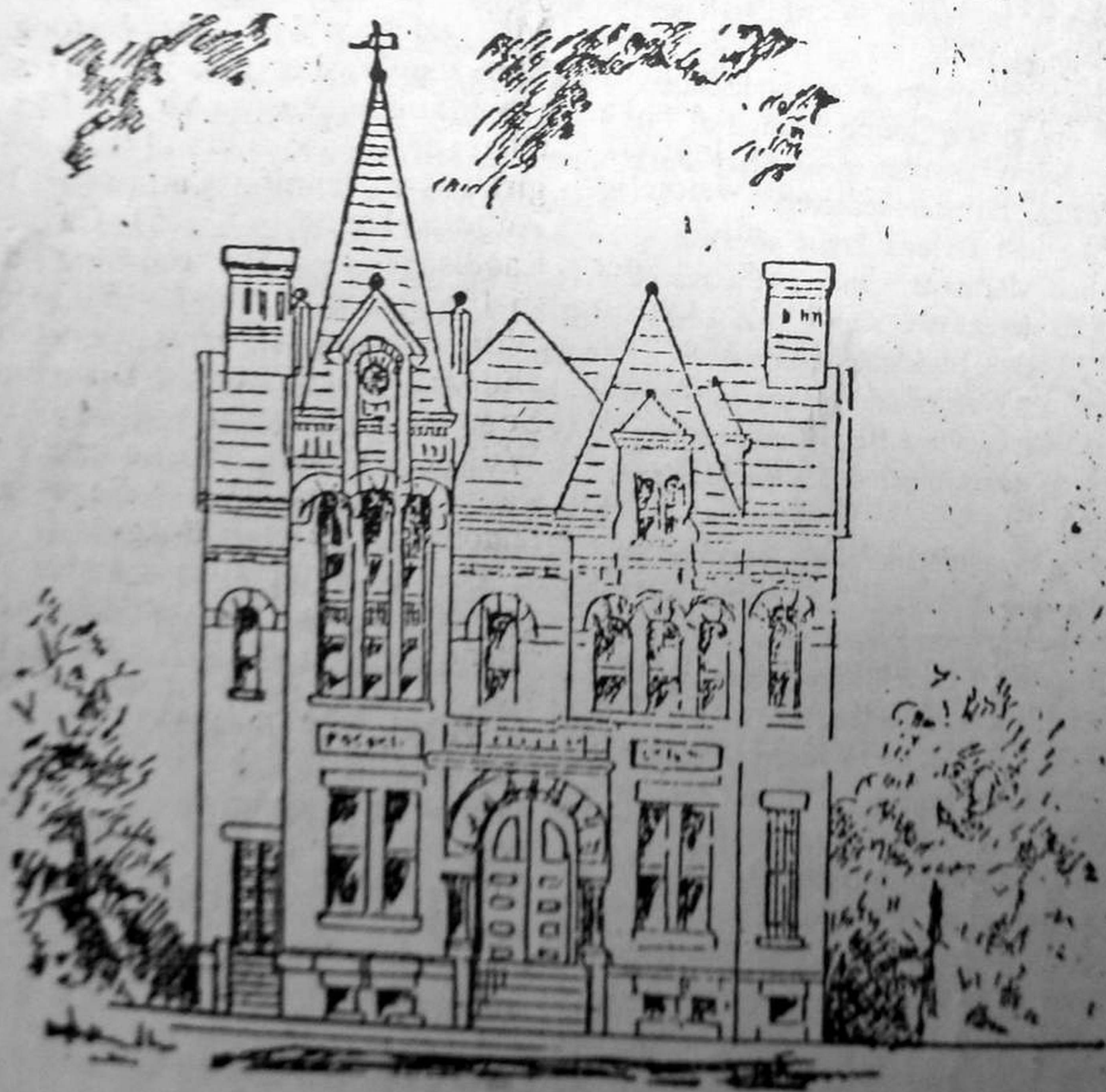


Reprint

The Poc. Times 12-19-91

# Pocahontas' New House of Justice, and Her Magnificent Mansion for the Criminal.

A DESCRIPTIVE PEN PICTURE.



From The Pocahontas Times



*From The Pocahontas Times, April 5, 1895*

## The New Courthouse and Jail

The wonderful development and growth in values of Pocahontas County in the half decade just passed may be readily illustrated by relative comparison, and the rapid strides of improvement are shown by examination of her new court-house and jail recently completed.

Briefly, the court-house is a well-designed piece of architecture of the most modern design. The building proper is sixty-six feet by seventy-two feet. Consisting of three floors. The basement consists of six rooms and two large halls. In this basement are four large heaters or furnaces, which heat the entire building throughout, and will say just here they have been well tested.

The basement has four furnace rooms, one sanitary room, one storage room, one fresh air room, and one foul air room. This basement story is built of stone, and finished with hard finish on all walls. The floors are all grouted and finished with a smooth Portland cement. One exit from this basement is up a flight of stairs made of native Pocahontas oak. Here we land in the side or cross hall of the first story floor. We find this hall to be fourteen feet wide and thirty two feet long, with a fourteen foot wall to ceiling. We then enter the main hall, which is ten by seventy-two feet. From this main hall we gain entrance to all the county offices. First the County

The next room is that of the Chancery Clerk, which is a facsimile of the County Clerk's office, with a vault of the same construction. Then we enter the tower room. This room will be occupied by the County Surveyor.

All the doors on this floor are, as are all the doors throughout the building, two inches thick, three feet three inches wide, and eight feet six inches high, with a transom over each door thirty-nine by forty-six inches. The entire building is wainscotted with oak four feet high with eleven inch molded base, finished with a double braded cup of tasty design. All the hardware in this building is of the best patents and patterns of solid bronze.

The main stairway leading from this floor lands on the ell-shaped hall on the court-room floor. From this hall we enter the main court room, fifty by fifty, with ceiling eighteen feet high. This room is well lighted with nine large windows, and has four exits. This room is heated from the furnaces in the basement story. The doors and windows throughout this building are furnished with six-inch reeded arcestraus with plinth block and turned common rosettes of a neat design. The bar is separated from the main court hall by a substantial railing, with turned balusters, with a free swinging gate. In the bar enclosure there is an elevated platform for the jury, surrounded



say just here they have been well tested.

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From this hall we again enter a room. This room will be occupied by the County Court. We find this room well lighted with fine ventilation. The exit from this room is through a pair of double doors leading into the main hall. We then pass into the two elegant rooms of the Prosecuting Attorney, which are lighted by the large windows four by eight feet. In this room there is an artistic ebonized mantel of the Queen Elizabeth design. The windows are hung with Gardner's Sash Ribbon, as are all the windows throughout the building.

Now we pass into the office of the Sheriff, which is a beauty with its oak and oil finish of gloss.

and patterns of solid bronze.

The main stairway leading from this floor lands on the ell-shaped hall on the court-room floor. From this hall we enter the main court room, fifty by fifty, with ceiling eighteen feet high. This room is well lighted with nine large windows, and has four exits. This room is heated from the furnaces in the basement story. The doors and windows throughout this building are furnished with six-inch reeded areastras with plinth block and turned common rosettes of a neat design. The bar is separated from the main court hall by a substantial railing, with turned balusters, with a free swinging gate. In the bar enclosure there is an elevated platform for the jury, surrounded by a neat railing. To the left of this we find the seat of justice, which is a masterpiece of workmanship.

On leaving the main court-room we enter the hall, from this we enter two elegant rooms which are the two Petit Jury rooms; the third room is the Grand Jury room; the fourth the Judge's room; fifth, witness room; sixth, lawyers consulting room.

The roof of this structure is self-supporting with three Howe Trusses and one Queen Truss. This roof is first sheated with dressed dry pine, then covered with tarred sun-proof paper, and then slated with the best slate that can be secured.

The main tower is eighteen by eighteen and one hundred and four feet high. On the right of this tower can be seen a cluster of minor towers which present a nice construction. On the rear, right, and left sides are two tasty dormer windows. Also the lofty gables, which add greatly to the roof's appearance.

The cut above presents the building from its narrowest dimensions. The jail lies directly behind the court-house, which is to be regretted, as it is too tasteful a building to be hid. The cut is a good representation of the front of the building, but does not allow one to judge very well of its size.



4-1-21

PT

## JOHN LEDERER

The First Expedition from the head of Pemaencock, alias York River (due West) to the top of the Apalataean Mountains

Upon the ninth of March, 1669, (with three Indians whose names were Magtakanh, Hopottoguoh and Naunnugh) I went out at the falls of Pemaencock, alias York-River in Virginia, from an Indian village called Shickehamany, and lay that night in the woods, encountering nothing remarkable, but a rattle-snake of an extraordinary length and thickness, for I judged it two yards and a half or better from head to tail, and as big about as a mans arm: by the distention of her belly, we believed her full with young; but having killed and opened her, found there a small squirrel whole; which caused in me a double wonder: first, how a reptile should catch so nimble a creature as a squirrel; and having caught it how he could swallow it entire. The Indians in resolving my doubts, plunged me into greater astonishment, when they told me that it was usual in these serpents, when they lie bask in the sun, to fetch down these squirrels from the top of the trees, by fixing their eyes upon them; the horror of which strikes such an affrightment into the little beast, that he has no power to hinder himself from tumbling down into the jaws of his enemy, who takes in all his sustenance without chewing, his teeth serving him onely to offend withal. But I rather believe what I have heard from others, that these serpents climb the trees, and surprise their prey in the nest.

The next day falling into marish grounds between the Pemaencock and the head of the River Matapenough, the heaviness of the way obliged me to cross Pemaencock, where its North and South branches

The thirteenth, I reached the first spring of Pemaencock, having crossed the river four times that day, by reason of its many windings: but the water was so shallow, that it hardly wet my horses patterns. Here a little under the surface of the earth, I found flat pieces of petrified matter, on one side solid stone, but on the other side isinglas, which I easily peeled off in flakes about four inches square: several of these pieces, with a transparent stone like crystal that cut glass, and a white marchasite that I purchased of the Indians, I presented to Sir William Berkley, Governour of Virginia.

The fourteenth of March, from the top of an eminent hill, I first decried that Apalataean mountains, bearing due west to the place I stood upon: their distance from me was so great, that I could hardly discern whether they were mountains or clouds, until my Indian fellow travellers prostrating themselves in adoration, howled out after a barbarous manner, Okee paeze i. e. God is nigh.

The fifteenth of March, not far from this hill, passing over the South branch of the Rappahanock river. I was almost swallowed in a quicksand. Great herds of red and fallow deer I daily saw feeding; and on the hill-sides, bears crashing mast like swine. Small leopards I have seen in the woods, but never any lions, though their skins are much worn by the Indians. The wolves in these parts are so ravenous, that I often in the night feared my horse would be devoured by them, they would gather up and howl so close around him, though tether'd to the same tree at whose foot I myself and the Indians lay; but the fires which we made, I suppose, scared them from worrying us all. Beaver and otter I met with at every river that I passed; and the woods were full of grey foxes.

Thus I travelled all the sixteenth; and on the seventeenth of March I reached the Apalataek. The air here is very thick and chill; and the waters issuing from the mountain sides



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The next day falling into marish grounds between the Pemaonecsck and the head of the River Matapeneugh, the heaviness of the way obliged me to cross Pemaonecock, where its North and South branch (called Ackmick) joyn in one. In the peninsula made by these two branches a great Indian king called Tottopotoma was heretofore slain in battle, fighting for the Christians against the Mahocks and Nahyssans, from whence it retains his name to this day. Traveling thorow the woods, a doe seized by a wild cat crossed our way: the miserable creature being even spent and breathless with the burden and cruelty of her rider, who having fastened on her shoulder, left not sucking out her blood until she sunk down under him; which one of the Indians perceiving, let fly a lucky arrow, which piercing him through the belly, made him quit his prey already slain, and turn with a terrible grimas at us; but his strength and spirits failing him, we escaped his revenge, which had certainly ensued, were not his wound mortal. This creature is something bigger than our English fox, of a reddish grey colour, and in figure every way agreeing with an ordinary cat; fierce, ravenous and cunning: for finding the deer (upon which they delight most to prey) to swift for them, they watch upon branches of trees, and as they walk or feed under, jump down upon them. The fur of the wilde cat, though not very fine, is yet esteemed for its virtue in taking away aches and pains, being worn next to the body; their flesh, though rank as a dogs, is eaten by the Indians.

The eleventh and twelfth, I found the ways very uneven and cumbered with bushes.

Small leopards I have seen on the hill-woods, but never any lions, though their skins are much worn by the Indians. The wolves in these parts are so ravenous, that I often in the night feared my horse would be devoured by them, they would gather up and howl so close around him, though tethr'd to the same tree at lay; but the fires which we made, I suppose, scared them from worrying us all. Beaver and otter I met with at every river that I passed; and the woods were full of grey foxes.

Thus I travelled all the sixteenth; and on the seventeenth of March I reached the Apalataei. The air here is very thick and chill; and the waters issuing from the mountain-sides of a blue colour, and allumish taste.

The eighteenth of March, after I had in vain assayed to ride up, I alighted, and left my horse with one of the Indians, whilst with the other two I climbed up the rocks, which were so incumbered with bushes and brambles, that the ascent proved very difficult: besides the first precipice was so steep, that if I lookt down I was immediately taken with a swimming in my head; though afterwards it was more easie. The height of this mountain was very extraordinary: for notwithstanding I set out with the first appearance of light, it was late in the evening before I gained the top, from whence the next morning I had a beautiful prospect of the Atlantick Ocean washing the Virginia shore; but to the north and west, my sight was suddenly bounded by mountains higher than that I

stood upon. Here did I wander in snow, for the most part, till the four and twentieth day of March, hoping to find some passage through the mountains, but the coldness of the air and earth together, seizing my hands and feet with numbness, put me to a ne plus ultra; and therefore having found my Indian at the foot of the mountain with my horse I returned back by the same way that I went.



# THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlin-  
ton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1931

For President  
OWEN D. YOUNG  
of New York

Muster roll of the "Pocahontas  
Rescuers" mustered into service 18th  
May, 1861.

Captain, Stofer, D. A. 1 pr gloves,  
25, B

Lieutenant, C. J. I., Skeen, B

O. Sargeant, Slarker, D. W. C

Musicians, Roby, Walter R B

Ervine, Wm. H.

Privates, Akers, James

Alderman, Andrew C

Angus, Timoleen

Boon, Beverly B

Burr, George

Burr, Frederick

Carpenter, Wm. H. B

Corbett, Muscoe

Cole, Wm.

Cash, George, 1 shirt \$1.25 B

Friel, Montgomery R.

Grimes, Peter

Gammon, Cyrus S.

Granfield, John B

Griffin, Mathias P.

Helmick, Amos

Herold, Charles B.

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of General Will  
gave the roster o  
Rescues", an inf  
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The company v  
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forces in the north

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socks, shirts, bla

On May 20, a  
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combs for private  
cravats \$1, 2 flau



Rescuers' mustered into service 18th  
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Cash, George, 1 shirt \$1.25 B

Friel, Montgomery R.

Grimes, Peter

Gammon, Cyrus S.

Granfield, John B

Griffin, Mathias P.

Helmick, Amos

Herold, Charles B.

Herold, Benjamin F.

Hogsett, William R. B

Hanes, Isaac B.

Hannah, Robert A. B

Hannah, Joseph B

Henson, William

Hamilton, Adam G.

Johnson, Joseph I

Jordan, Joseph D, B

Lyons, Enos

Moriarty, Patrick, pr shoes, B

McLaughlin, James H, B

McLaughlin, Hugh

Moore, Michael, B

Moore, Levi

Mitchell, Sylvester B

Piles, Wm. L

Piles, John

Pence, John H

Swadley, James

Smith, Lewis

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 Pence, John H  
 Swadley, James  
 Smith, Lewis B  
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 Slavens, Wm. W  
 Seebert, Lanty L  
 Shannon, James B  
 Sharp, Martin B  
 Varner, Daniel A B  
 Whollihan, Michael  
 Whollihan, Patrick  
 Waugh, Levi  
 Weaver, Charles W 1 pr gloves 25 B  
 Weaver, Robert L, B  
 B signifies that they have received blankets.

The Pocahontas Rescuers marched from Huntersville about 10 a. m. May 18, 1861. A large crowd of ladies and gentlemen were present and at the moment of marching hardly an eye that was not wet with tears. Many gentleman and ladies accompanied us to the Bridge. Then the Rev. Mr Flaherty addressed the crowd and all meekly bowed the knee in the public road while he fervently addressed a prayer in behalf of those ~~marching~~ and of the parents and friends left behind. Halted at night in front of Wm. Gibson and the company were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, John and John B. Hannah and I. M. Hogsett.

Sunday 19th—After the company attended church at I. M. Hogsett's and heard

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 This company v  
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 burg, Fredericksb  
 chester, Gettysbu  
 the Wilderness.  
 the 25th was captu



blankets.

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Sunday 19th—After the company attended church at I. M. Hogsett's and heard a patriotic sermon from Rev. Flaherty, marched to J. Varner's. Just as the company arrived, the Cavalry under Capt. McNeel came in sight. They were received with all honor. The company then heard a sermon from Rev. J. E. Moore and were dismissed and entertained by Jno Varner, Josiah Herold, Col. Gatewood at Big Spring, John Bath-Cavalry and Co. Then across the Mt. to Marshall's. Rain during the evening and all night.

Monday 20th—March resumed at 6 1-2 a. m. Halted an hour at J. W. Marshall's and marched to Jacob Conrad's. 15 staying over night at John Conrad's, a few going with John McLaughlin, 5 to Snyders and the rest quartered upon Jacob Conrad. Rained at intervals all day.

#### Constitution of the Company

Article 1—This company shall

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#### Constitution of the Company

Article 1—This company shall be known by the name of Pocahontas Rescues.

Article 2—The regular musters of the said company shall be held on the first Saturday in the month of April, May, June, August, September and October and the July muster shall be held on the 4th day of the month, save when the 4th happens to fall on Sunday, when it shall be held on the 5th.

Article 3—All fines assessed against commissioned officers for failure to attend muster shall be \$5.00, non-commissioned officers \$2.50. Privates \$1.25.

Article 4—All fines assessed shall be for the benefit of the company, to be disbursed whenever the amount of 20¢ or more shall be found in the hands of the treasurer unappropriated, by a vote of the Company. The majority ruling, if it is considered

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Captain Stofer came  
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Article 5—This Constitution may be altered or amended at any time by vote of two thirds concurring at a regular meeting, when a majority is present.

Article 6—There shall be a president, secretary and treasurer chosen by the company who shall hold their office for one year, whose duties shall be those usually performed by such officers.

Article 7—A majority of the Company may at any regular meeting elect honorary members, who shall be come honorary members of this Company thereupon, by paying to the Treasurer, the sum of three dollars each.

#### By-Laws

1. The board for the trial of offences and non-attendance of members at musters and all other delinquencies shall be tried by a Court Martial, a majority of which shall rule.

2. The Court Martial shall consist of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Company.

Looking around in the court house for something to print, I came upon

at Huntersville for many years was elected Attorney General State of Virginia.

I certainly do wish that Skeene had written up the "T Campaign" day by day. Instead of quitting off on the record the of the third day.

You have got to hand it General that he was a considerable manager to march an army of six men some ninety miles, and on a campaign of several weeks cost to Pocahontas county \$68.68.

After the war Confederate were deprived of the rights of ship by their inability to take test oath. Before a man could hold office, practice law, etc., swear that he had not aided the Confederacy. This please Captain Stofer a bit.



# AS TIMES

ce at Marlin  
class matter.

EDITOR

9. 1931

NG

Pocahontas  
service 18th

pr gloves,

en, B  
W. C  
B

B

some old papers, in the hand writing of General William Skeen, which gave the roster of "The Pocahontas Rescues", an infantry company organized when war threatened between the states, back in 1860. I print it herewith. Also the constitution and bylaws.

The company was mustered in on Saturday, May 18, 1861, and marched on that day to defend the sacred soil of Virginia from invasion by Federal forces in the northwest.

They met the invaders at Phillippi Barbour county, and had no luck in repelling them.

General Skeen was the lieutenant of the company. He appeared to be the purchasing agent of the county court, as he paid the bills for the army and took receipts therefor. Under date of June 25, 1861, he rendered an itemized account under expenses incurred on march of "Pocahontas Rescues," amounting to \$68.68. It was allowed and \$25 paid on account. He notes a balance of \$43.68 due him, and I doubt if it was ever paid him.

The big item of expense was \$37.42 for shoes—nineteen pairs bought on May 23, at Philippi, from J. P. Thompson. The other items include bacon, tallow, flour, meal, horse feed, gloves, hats, cotton cloth, calico, socks, shirts, blankets and whatnot.

On May 20, at J. W. Marshall's store he bought a pair of gloves for Captain Stofer at 25 cents and six

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On May 20, at J. W. Marshall's store he bought a pair of gloves for Captain Stofer at 25 cents and six combs for privates for \$1.00. Also 2 cravats \$1, 2 flannel shirts \$2, and 2 more pairs of gloves 50c.

On May 22, at Beverly from A & B Crawford, two hats for \$3.25 From J. Burkett, also at Beverly, pair of shoes at \$2 and 2 pairs of socks 30c On the same date from E. B. Bucher 12 1-2 pounds of tallow for \$1 25 and 52 1-2 pounds of bacon at 14c \$8 35.

On May 24, Elder Douglas was paid \$4 33 for supper, lodging and breakfast for 13 persons.

On May 25, \$2 50 is paid Jno. B. Curin for Gilham tactics.

On May 17, Captain Stofer certifies that an account of Wm. H. Slanker for 9 yards of calico, 1 1-2 yards of bleach cotton, 8 3-4 yards of cotton drilling and one made shirt, in all \$4.37 1-2 is correct and necessary for the use of said company.

Mr. Skeen started off fine to keep a daily report on the progress of the Pocahontas Rescues, but I guess he got too busy, for after three days, he quits in the middle of a page.

In speaking of this march, the old soldiers referred to it as the "Tin Cup Campaign".

United States District Court know that Mr. fully defended the nerate soldiers who w murder after the wa

My friend, the la Laughlin, always tating his experience this "Tin Cup Ca where along the road came to a farm wh mowing machine propped up, in a sh had ever seen a mov passed down the ra cannon. One boy t it, and remarked the ramrod!



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In speaking of this march, the old soldiers referred to it as the "Tin Cup Campaign". A cup was all the equipment furnished them. They provided their own arms.

The cavalry referred to was Captain Andrew McNeel's company. On their return from Philippi, this company was disbanded and the men joined the 11th Virginia—Bath Squadron—and Captain Wm. L. McNeels and Captain J. W. Marshall's companies, 19th Virginia Cavalry.

On the return of the Pocahontas Rescues the company was disbanded and the men with a number of additions made up company I, 25th Virginia Infantry. J. H. McLaughlin was elected first lieutenant.

This company was engaged in the following battles: Philippi, McDowell, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Seven Days, Fight around Richmond, Slaughter Mountain, Second Manasses, Brestow Station, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Second Winchester, Gettysburg, Mine Run, and the Wilderness. At the Wilderness the 25th was captured; the Pocahontas Rescues and replacements had been reduced to seventeen men; of this seventeen, eleven lived through the war, six dying in prison.

The last member of Company I, to pass over that I know of was Captain J. W. Mathews of Anthonys Creek who died about two years ago.

Captain Stofer came from the Valley of Virginia. He was a lawyer, and he served as commonwealths attorney for Pocahontas a number of terms. He had been a soldier in the Mexican war, and fought in a num-



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that Captain Stofer was not wounded  
in the war between the states until  
the battle of Cross Keys when he fell  
with five bullet holes in him. Every  
one of these wounds was considered  
mortal, but he recovered and surviv-  
ed the war some twenty years. As a  
child, I remember him as a friendly,  
courtly gentleman, known in his wide  
circle of friends as the "Count."

General William Skeene served as  
clerk of both the county and circuit  
courts. He was succeeded just be-  
fore the war by the late William  
Curry. He was a resident attorney  
at Huntersville for many years. He  
was elected Attorney General of the  
State of Virginia.

I certainly do wish that General  
Skeene had written up the "Tin Cup  
Campaign" day by day, instead of



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quitting off on the record the evening  
of the third day.

You have got to hand it to the  
General that he was a considerable of  
a manager to march an army of fifty-  
six men some ninety miles, and back  
on a campaign of several weeks, at a  
cost to Pocahontas county of only  
\$68.68.

After the war Confederate soldiers  
were deprived of the rights of citizen-  
ship by their inability to take the  
test oath. Before a man could vote,  
hold office, practice law, etc., he must  
swear that he had not aided or abet-  
ted the Confederacy. This did not  
please Captain Stofer a bit. At the



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William Skeen, which  
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first opportunity he presented him-  
self at the bar as a practicing attor-  
ney, took the oath and resumed his  
law work where he left off after four  
years service in the army of the Con-  
federate States of America. The  
grand jury indicted him for perjury,  
and he appealed to the Supreme  
Court, where the case dragged along  
for years. I presume that the case  
against the Captain just naturally  
went by the board when the new  
state went democratic in 1870, a new  
constitution adopted and the rights  
of the southern sympathizers restored.  
I will look that case up some day  
when I have the time. I have the  
impression that Count Stofer was de-  
fended by Arthur Dayton, a native  
of New England, father of the late  
Judge A. G. Dayton, of Philippi,  
United States District Judge. I do  
know that Mr. Dayton success-  
fully defended the numerous Confed-  
erate soldiers who were indicted for  
murder after the war, in this county.

My friend, the late Hugh P. Mc-  
Laughlin, always took delight in re-  
lating his experiences as a boy on  
this "Tin Cup Campaign." Some-  
where along the road to Philippi they  
came to a farm where there was a  
mowing machine with its tongue  
propped up, in a shed. Few of them  
had ever seen a mower, and word was  
passed down the ranks that it was a  
cannon. One boy took a good look at  
it, and remarked on the length of  
the ramrod!





Arden Friel in his gun workshop at Clover Lick.

## Gunsmith on the Greenbrier

Arden Friel, 54, has been making guns for 39 years  
but still doesn't consider himself professional.

BY WILLIAM C. BLIZZARD

Before the Civil War was over, the muzzle-loading rifle was laid away in history's attic, replaced by breech-loaders like the Sharps carbine and its successors.

Yet today in West Virginia you may order a new flintlock or percussion-cap muzzle-loader from one of at least four Mountaineer gun shops which are well known for manufacturing the antique weapons. Such shops are located in Elkins, Webster Springs, Buckhannon, and Clover Lick.

Clover Lick, in case you didn't know, is in Pocahontas County, near Stony Bottom. It is 15 miles from Marlinton, and nine miles from Cass, accessible by blacktop road which might be mistaken, in poor light by a poor engineer who was also a poor woodsman, for a fat blacksnake.

Arden Friel is the Clover Lick gunsmith. His home perches beside the Greenbrier River, and his shop, which houses a fantastic conglomeration of machinery, gun parts, shavings, sawdust, tools, and dirt, leans against a nearby hill.

Friel, who is now 54, says he has been making guns since he was 15. But he doesn't consider himself a professional.

"I was a machinist," he said, "for a while in Cleveland, but most all my life I was a coal miner in West Virginia. I worked in several places, and was always a hand loader. One of the reasons I quit the mines was the new machines that come in. No more hand loading now, and that's what I liked to do."

Arden Friel does not appear to be the sort of man who could be hurried or excited, even by the possibility of sudden fortune. His living room is filled largely by a wood-burning stove and dozens of guns in need of repair. For Friel does a big repair business in addition to manufacturing hand-made weapons.

Other rifles, pistols, and shotguns in good working order festoon the walls. "Only have one gun for sale now," he said, "and it's a modern gun, a varmint rifle." He handed me a beautiful weapon, a hand-crafted .22-250 rifle with a Douglas (G. R. Douglas of Charleston) barrel, Mauser action, and an unusual stock made from a blank supplied by a commercial dealer.

"That stock," said Friel, "is laminated walnut and maple. There's a base for a scope mount on this gun."

Telescopic sights are mounted on such high-velocity rifles for the simple reason that they reach out hundreds of yards to targets barely visible to the naked eye. The slug is no bigger in diameter than that in the old .22 at the carnival shooting gallery, but the powder charge in the .22-250 could blow the carnival rifle to pieces, if it were possible to get the bigger shell in the chamber.

Friel's biggest order right now is from Kyle Neighbors of Cass. Neighbors has a museum at Cass, but is working on a more ambitious project for which he wants Friel to make him 10 muzzle-loading rifles. Friel says he may do it and he may not.

Neighbors' idea for his new enterprise at Cass is an interesting one which should be profitable. At the point on Bald Knob where the Cass Scenic Railroad stops he plans to set up a "wagon train" of Conestogas, plus

a rifle range supplied and other antique guns.

Scenic Railroad customers be invited to shoot the muzzle-loader. Perhaps one day imitations be persuaded to come across woods toward the wagon train dash of commercial novelty.

Screaming "Indians" are the plans of Kyle Neighbors his "wagon train" rolling after this one. Perhaps it is the get the pseudo-Indians. Me Cheate Mountain is also silent.

Neighbors is a good friend and has a high opinion of him. Neighbors himself is somewhat with a huge collection of muzzle-loaders made by Friel.

Friel says that if he were he could, with all materials hand, turn out a muzzle-loader.

"I can make my own muzzle-loader from Douglas at Cass."

In actual practice, Friel completed rifle every two muzzle-loader stocks which extend the rifle, the gunsmith cut

"This is the soft kind," the hard maple. We call because of the wood pattern.

"Generally, it takes about air dry the piece of wood then I'll put it in a building dry some more."

When the wood is sufficiently dry, Friel cuts it to rough shape stock blank in a kind of lathe himself. This piece of machinery in the forearm part accept the barrel, which is round.

"That soft maple," said Friel, "is a soft maple. I don't want to use just stain and generally use just stain and

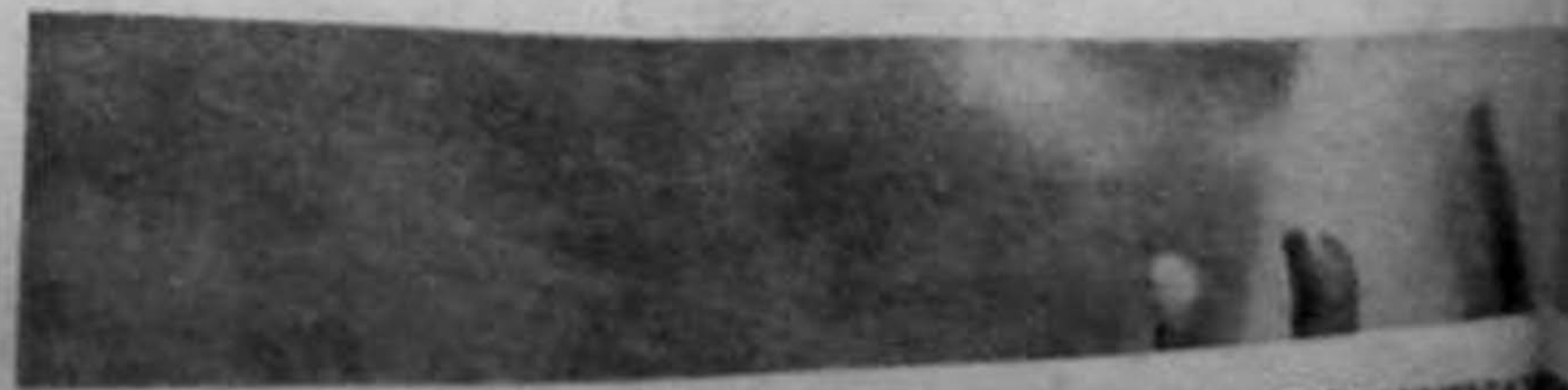
Most of Friel's muzzle-loading type, although some flintlocks, an earlier worked on the same general modern cigarette lighter, from flint and steel ignited gas.

Muzzle-loading rifles can Civil War statistics show. disadvantage was that they to reload in case the first

To cope with this slow and shooters took all possible that the first shot didn't miss feature was the set trigger loaders had two triggers, a to set the other, which could fire at the slightest touch.

If you want to buy a muzzle-loader or if you own an old one, you might remember to ask for Arden Friel at Clover Lick. But give him your name and he will find you for you inquire as to his

Like the muzzle-loaders has a reputation for being mighty, mighty sure. Friel's business is making rifles. He'll do it to get the lead out.



MAGAZINE, JUNE 12, 1966

Come In or Phone!  
BUCHANAN  
HEARING AID CENTER  
30 South St.  
Charleston, W. Va.  
PHONE 342-7131

Roby Day, 1

Nancy Rauson, 11



Before the Civil War was over, the muzzle-loading rifle was laid away in the attic, replaced by breech-loaders like the Sharps carbine and its successors.

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Friel's biggest order right now is from the Neighbors of Casa. Neighbors has a muzzle-loader at Casa, but is working on a more ambitious project for which he wants Friel to make him 10 muzzle-loading rifles. Friel says he may do it and he may not.

Neighbors' idea for his new enterprise at Casa is an interesting one which should be profitable. At the point on Bald Knob where the Scenic Railroad stops he plans to build a "wagon train" of Conestogas, plus

a rifle range supplied with muzzle-loaders and other antique guns.

Scenic Railroad customers will, of course, be invited to shoot the muzzle-loaders for a fee. Perhaps one day imitator redskins may be persuaded to come screaming out of the woods toward the wagon trail, just to add a dash of commercial novelty.

Screaming "Indians" are not at present in the plans of Kyle Neighbors, who won't get after this one. Perhaps it is just as well to forget the pseudo-Indians. Money is nice, but Cheat Mountain is also nice, unspoiled and silent.

Neighbors is a good friend of Arden Friel's, and has a high opinion of his marksmanship. Neighbors himself is something of a gun fan, with a huge collection of muzzle-loaders, many of them made by Friel.

Friel says that if he were to work steadily he could, with all materials and a barrel at hand, turn out a muzzle-loader in five days.

"I can make my own barrels," he said, "but it's cheaper for me to buy them. I get them from Douglas at Charleston."

In actual practice, Friel averages about one completed rifle every two months. For muzzle-loader stocks which extend the length of the rifle, the gunsmith cuts his own maple.

"This is the soft kind," he told me, "not the hard maple. We call it the fiddleback, because of the wood pattern."

"Generally, it takes about three years to air dry the piece of wood for a stock, and then I'll put it in a building over a stove to dry some more."

When the wood is sufficiently seasoned, Friel cuts it to rough shape, then puts the stock blank in a kind of lathe he has made himself. This piece of machinery routs the groove in the forearm part of the stock to accept the barrel, which may be hexagonal or round.

"That soft maple," said Friel, "is getting awful scarce. I don't varnish my stocks, generally use just stain and oil finish."

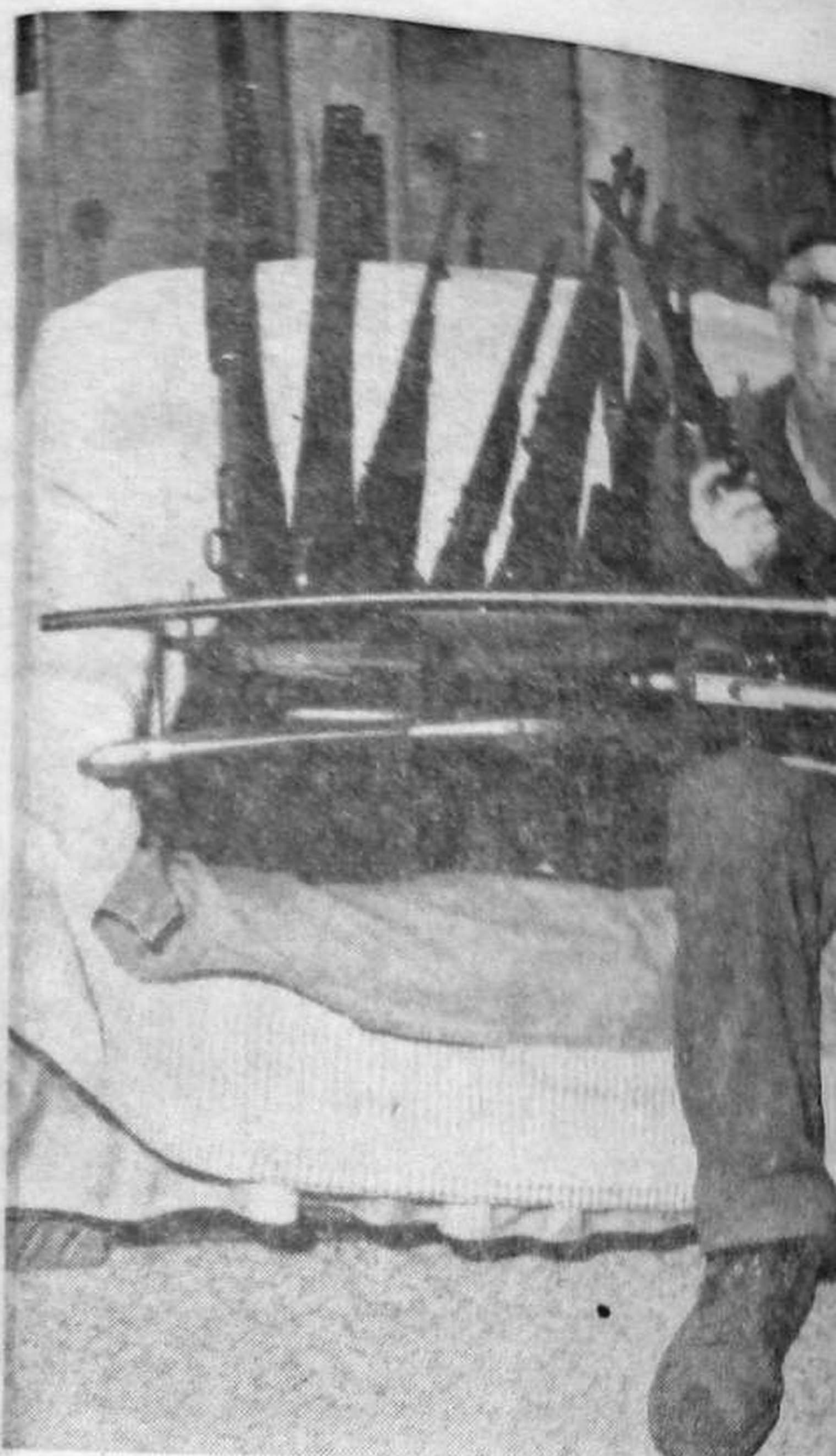
Most of Friel's muzzle-loaders are of the percussion type, although he makes some flintlocks, an earlier variety which worked on the same general principle as a modern cigarette lighter, except that sparks from flint and steel ignited gunpowder, not a gas.

Muzzle-loading rifles can be accurate, as Civil War statistics show. Their very real disadvantage was that they were slow—slow to reload in case the first shot went wild.

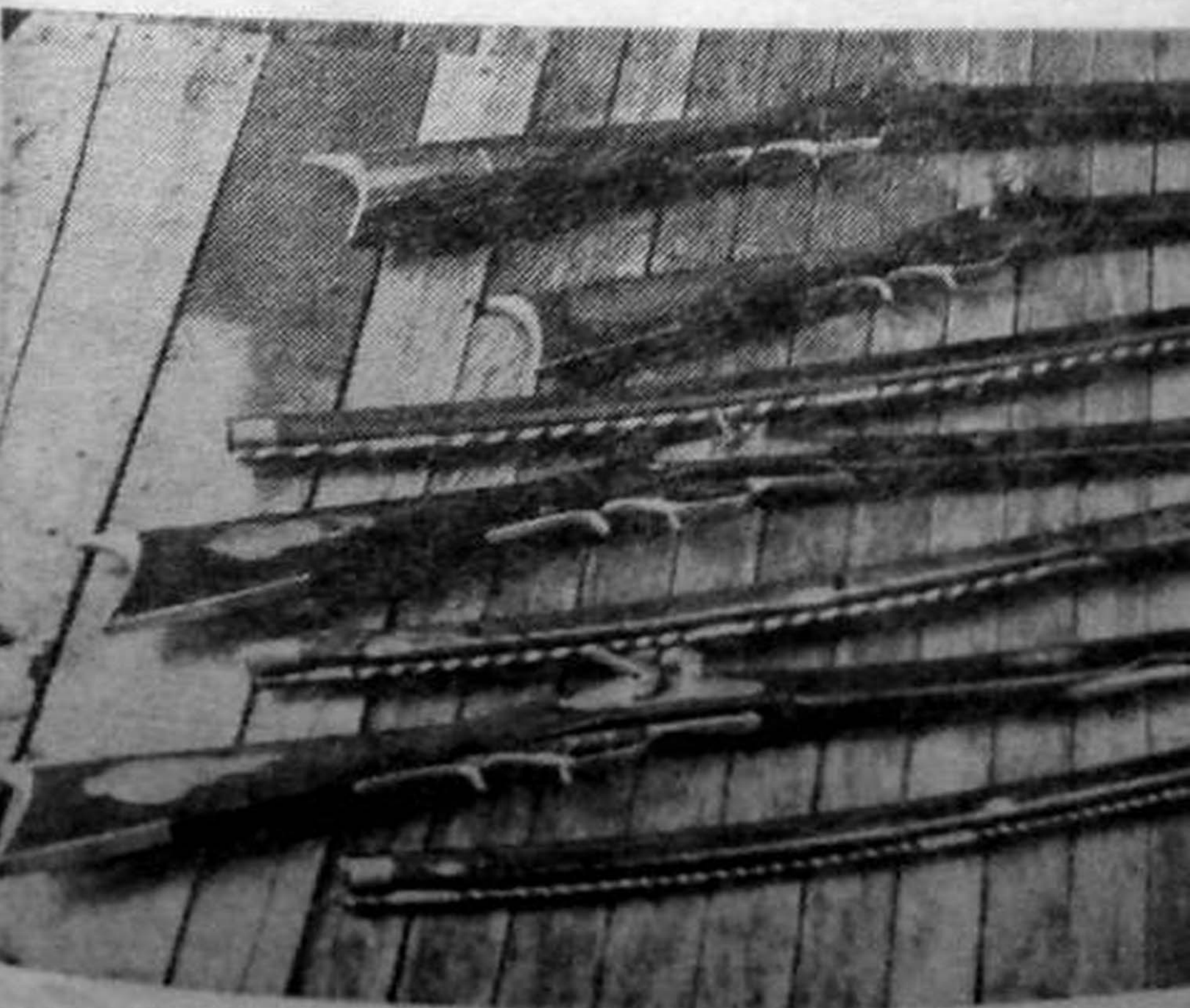
To cope with this slowness, rifle makers and shooters took all possible pains to see that the first shot didn't miss. One insurance feature was the set trigger. That is, muzzle-loaders had two triggers, and you pulled one to set the other, which could be adjusted to fire at the slightest touch.

If you want to buy a new muzzle-loader, or if you own an old one which could be repaired, you might remember Arden Friel of Clover Lick. But give him plenty of time before you inquire as to his progress.

Like the muzzle-loaders he makes, Friel has a reputation for being a bit slow, but mighty, mighty sure. Friel's primary business is making rifles. He'll have a up to you to get the lead out.



Friel surrounded by a few of



These seven Friel rifles are ov



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Perhaps it is just as well to for-  
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A good friend of John Friel's,  
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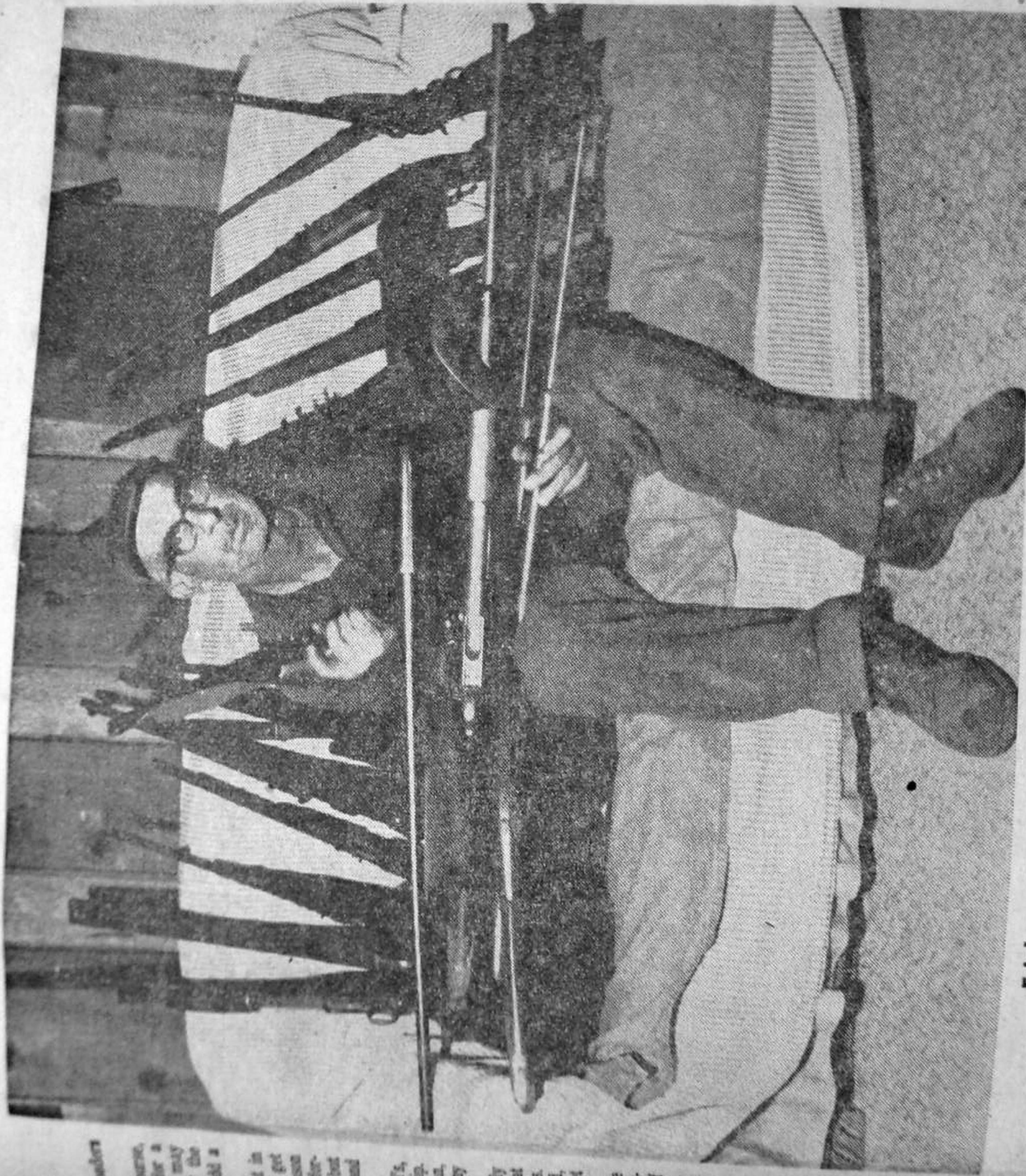
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the lighter, even the work  
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Friel surrounded by a few of the guns he has in shop for repair.

- Williamson Family
- Adams Family
- Kyle
- Jean (Taylor) Family
- St & Ruth
- Edward Family
- E. B. Moore
- Montas
- and Nancy
- Mildred
- Woods Family
- Parker
- V. (Bill) Fam. Family
- Family
- Family
- Denise





**FASV CHE**

**DEL MONTE CUT  
GREEN BEAN**

**DEL MONTE  
YELLOW CO**

**LIBBY DEEP  
BROWN BE**

**JOAN OF ARC  
KIDNEY BE**

**DEL MONTE  
SWEET PEA**

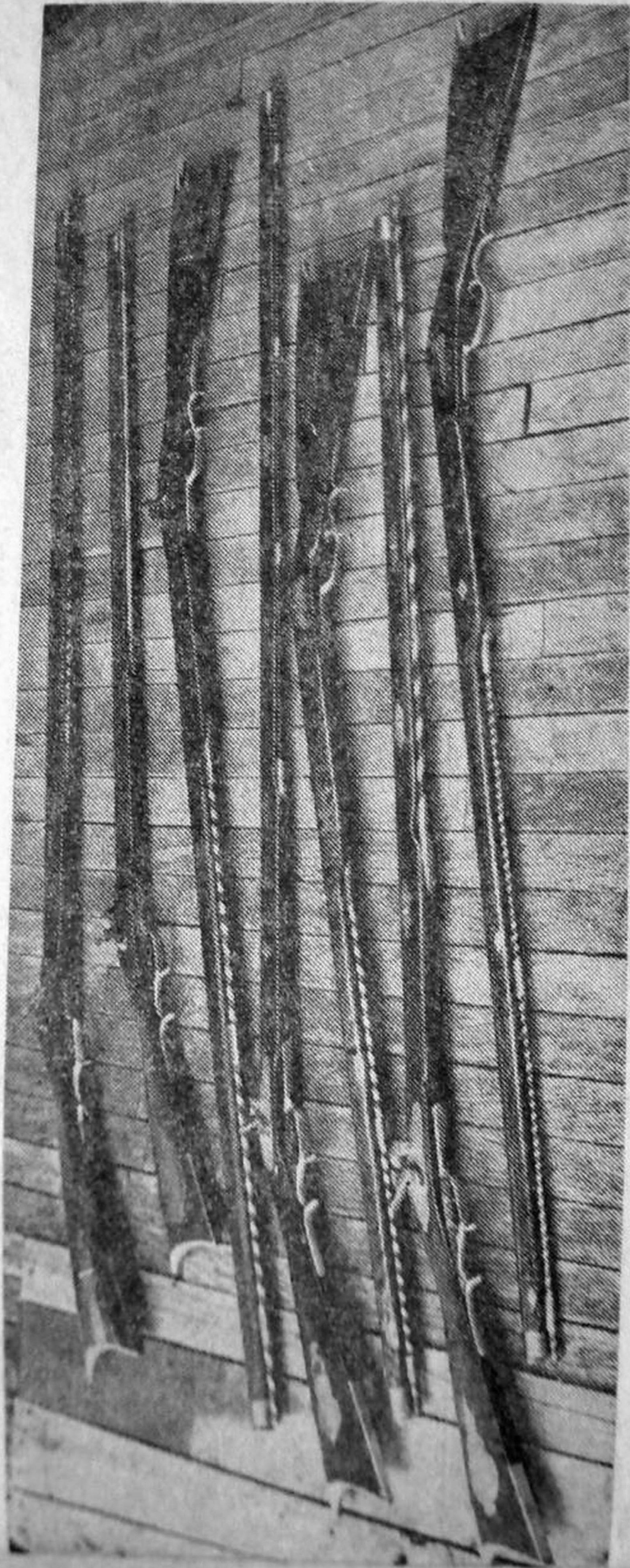
**N-RICH  
COFFEE CRI**

**NOTICE TO OU**  
family must fa  
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items in the  
pledge.

**SUPER M**



Friel surrounded by a few of the guns he has in shop for repair.



These seven Friel rifles are owned by Kyle Neighbor of Cass.













**Flintlock converted to percussion cap type.**



... plus to get the lead out  
... making rifles. Friel's  
... sure. Friel's  
... it up  
... He'll leave it out



**Hammers of double-barrel shotgun Friel made for his son.**  
**SUNDAY GAZETTE-MAIL**

**STATE MAGAZINE**





**Detail of brass work at end of stock on one of Friel's rifles.**

**MAGAZINE, JUNE 12, 1966**





Famed photographer Gay captured this view of Allegheny Lodge with its elk in the foreground in 1921. Postcard courtesy Pocahontas County Historical Society.

## Allegheny Lodge: Looking Back on a Lost Landmark in Pocahontas

By Leona G. Brown

Pocahontas County's pure air, spectacular mountain scenery, tranquil forests, clear streams, and friendly people make it a delightful vacation retreat. This is as true today as it was in 1911, when local game and fish warden J. A. Viquesney became interested in preserving these assets and providing a way for people from more populated areas to enjoy them.

In September of 1911, *The Pocahontas Times* reported that the game warden and his chief deputy, H. M. Lockridge, had purchased the D. B. McElwee farm near Driscoll. Their intention was "to erect a handsome and commodious clubhouse on this land and make it a resort for both hunters and fishermen." This clubhouse was to become known as Allegheny Lodge, remaining a Pocahontas County landmark until well into the 1980's. Much of the history of this interesting structure was recorded in early issues of *The Pocahontas Times*, made available to me by editor William P. McNeel of Marlinton.

Many resorts in West Virginia, including Ponce Springs and White Sulphur Springs, were developed around natural mineral springs, under belief that drinking and bathing in the water had many health benefits. Dr. J. B. Lockridge had already begun to develop just such a spring near the proposed lodge site, described in a *Charleston Gazette* article reprinted in the September 7, 1911, issue of *The Times* as "the Minnehaha Springs, which flows daily its 70,000 gallons of healing waters, clear as crystal, sparkling and bubbling with its myriad life-giving qualities." Dr. Lockridge built a hotel, pond, bathhouse, "riding paths and everything necessary to make pleasant the hours of the guest, the sick, the weary and the worn that may seek the spot," according to the report.

Dr. Lockridge's resort, now Camp Minnehaha, is still to be seen as a

summer camp for boys, and many of the old buildings still stand. This development was across the road (now Route 92) from the proposed clubhouse, and it quickly gave its name to the community. Though the first post office had been called Driscoll, named in honor of timber operator John Driscoll, this early name was forgotten as Minnehaha Springs gained renown as a resort.

While Dr. J. B. Lockridge was developing his public resort, J. A. Viquesney and H. M. Lockridge began to organize a private club, the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association, to bring their lodge into reality. By 1913 the Association owned 5,000 acres in Pocahontas County, and had a 25-year lease on 20,000 additional acres, some of it in neighboring Bath and Highland counties, Virginia.

In 1913, *The Pocahontas Times* reported in a reprint from the *West*

*Virginia News* that an "imposing clubhouse" was nearing completion, at a cost of \$15,000. By this time the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association was a going concern, listing among its members many prominent citizens of Charleston, Governor Glasscock, former Governor MacCorkle, Congressman Avis, and others. Warden J. A. Viquesney was president of the organization, Deputy H. M. Lockridge vice-president, and W. B. Rector of Belington secretary and treasurer.

The Sportsmen's Association had first built a temporary log clubhouse on the construction site. On September 6, 1913, the Greenbrier Valley Press Association traveled in touring cars from Marlinton to this clubhouse for its annual meeting. A reporter from the *Greenbrier Independent* wrote of the land owned by the club as "making a large hunting preserve

on the western slope of the Alleghenies abounding in native game, to which has been added a herd of Elk from the Yellowstone Park." The visiting reporter added that the club also had "a dozen or more Chinese and English pheasants which will be released in due time. They are beautiful birds, the plumage of the males representing all the colors of the rainbow."

The famous elk herd, a local attraction until modern times, began with an experimental herd of 15 brought to the grounds by Warden Viquesney in March of 1912. By December the herd had increased to 19 and appeared to be thriving. On December 31, an assistant secretary of the interior sent a letter to Senator W. E. Chilton, authorizing the capture of elk from Yellowstone National Park and giving advice for their care during the trip by railroad car to Pocahontas County. Two additional carloads of elk were later brought from Montana. With the native deer, wild turkey, squirrels, rabbits, and the streams stocked with trout and bass from government hatcheries, the lands of the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association were becoming quite a game and fish preserve.

Meanwhile, under the direction of a local builder, Winston Herold, work continued on the elegant clubhouse on the knoll overlooking Dr. J. B. Lockridge's Minnehaha Springs resort. When finished, Allegheny Lodge was indeed an imposing structure, yet somehow homelike, its facade reminiscent of a southern plantation house. Twin stairways curved up to a columned veranda on the first floor, covered by a second-floor porch, which was covered in turn by a railed roof. Gabled dormers projected on each side of the building. Like a decoration on a wedding cake, a white-railed "widow's walk" topped the structure.

The lodge interior was a picture of turn-of-the-century elegance, country style. A wide door flanked by glass panels led from the front

veranda to a beautiful everywhere, from hardwood floor to ceiling. Two fireplaces added of the great room led upward from second-story windows offering of the level farm Valley. The finished were years in the Kelley was one 927 or '28, but wall, gateposts entry to the lo remembers hau



granda to a spacious lobby. Beautiful woodwork was everywhere, from the polished hardwood floor to the wainscoating and the columns supporting the ceiling. Two massive stone fireplaces added to the cheerfulness of the great room. An oak staircase led upward from the lobby to the second-story bedrooms, their windows offering a splendid view of the level farms of Knapp's Creek Valley.

The finished lodge and grounds were years in the making. Glenn Kelley was one of the men who, in '37 or '38, built the impressive wall, gateposts, and gate at the entry to the lodge grounds. He remembers hauling the fieldstone

from Possum Hollow and Douthat Creek in a borrowed Model-T Ford truck. The massive wooden gates, he told me, were hand-hewn from pine trees cut from the grounds.

Today, the big stone gateway is readily visible from Route 92, and the site is within easy driving distance from Marlinton, White Sulphur, or Warm Springs, Virginia, but in those days a trip to the vacation spot was quite an adventure. In 1913, a reporter for the *West Virginia News* wrote that Minnehaha might be "reached by wagon road in nine scenic miles from Marlinton—



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*Pock Time 7/20/96*  
**Former teach**

**by Alberta S**

Upon attending the Buckeye School Reunion on Sunday, July 25, I was really impressed by the effort that had been put out by the committee for the planning work to organize and get the program and meal ready by 12 noon to open. There was much more work to get something like that ready than meets the eye.

I came to teach at Buckeye in the fall of 1954, (my first year of teaching), and was met by Walter Graham and Charleen Howard on the school steps as a welcoming committee with a big box of candy to use as rewards and incentives for learning. I spent six enjoyable years at this fine institution of learning. I learned as much, if not more, than the students remember.







*Book Time 7/20/96*

## Former teacher remembers Buckeye School

by Alberta Shields

Upon attending the Buckeye School Reunion on Sunday, May 25, I was really impressed by the effort that had been put out by the committee for the planning and work to organize and get the program and meal ready by the hour of 12 noon to open. There is much more work to getting something like that ready than meets the eye.

I came to teach at Buckeye in the fall of 1954, (my first year of teaching), and was met by Walter Graham and Charleen Howard on the school steps as a welcoming committee with a big box of candy to use as rewards and incentives to learning. I spent six enjoyable years at this fine institution of learning. I learned as much, if not more, than the students. I remember trying to pattern my teaching after Carrie Morrison, to whom I had gone for five years at Burnside School. She truly was a good Christian lady, teaching her pupils moral values, how to sew, how to cook, plus what we call academic subjects today.

I remember letting the children play in the creek during the late spring as school was out the last of May then. We played such games as dodge ball, antimony over, and pinsetter's base. My Dad, B. B. Shields, put up chains that I bought at Walker's Store at Hillsboro to make swings for the children. They were enjoyed by all.

One way that the school building was maintained, instead of being supported by the Board, as a lot of people think, was by selling chances on cakes baked by Amelia Rose, Nora Rose and Norma Palmer

(famous pumpkin cake, shaped and decorated), Mrs. J. L. Howard, Leone Jackson and numerous others.

They also sponsored square dances, a famous one being the Virginia Reel, requested by Addie Graham. She was dressed as a "Southern Belle," and played her part well. She was a beautiful dancer and held everyone's attention during the dancing. She and Walter also employed many of the local students as waitresses at the Buckeye Restaurant, carpenter's helpers, and people to clean the drive-in theatre area on the mornings after the movies. The students benefitted greatly in life from their early work experiences.

Mintie Barnes bought the ABC's to go across the top of the chalkboard. Lura Brill sold us venetian shades at cost. Walter Mason sold us soft drinks at cost. Walter and Addie Graham bought us Christmas candy, school supplies from writing paper, pencils, etc., to toilet paper at wholesale cost. Parents and interested citizens walked many miles to sell various products such as shampoo, garden seeds, magazines and guess cakes to cover expenses. Victoria Pritt walked many miles and sold shampoo. A stray cat followed her around and she gave her to Jim Howard. He had Blackie for 13 years. Bill Barrett painted and Jim Howard wired and they put down linoleum and fixed outlets for appliances in the kitchen. We furnished and maintained a small kitchen for use when having dances and cake walks to help meet expenses.

John Moss supported the school and taught nature studies.

When I came here to teach, it was a one room school, instead of a two room school. The larger room was still equipped with a stove, so it was used for 4-H Club meetings, Farm Women's Club meetings, parties, and other community programs, plus elections.

The people named in this epistle are not all of the ones who helped to keep the school open for a few more years. Everyone in the community helped except the few who were opposed to keeping the school open and were anxious for consolidation.

I would like to see this become a yearly event, becoming a covered dish affair or some such meal, so it wouldn't be such a burden to the ones who put out such a great effort this time. It was very enjoyable to meet some of my former pupils and friends that I came to know by being the "teacher" and by working and learning at the Buckeye Drive-In Theatre. I always give Buckeye and the people there credit for helping me become the teacher that I am. I have a special love for all my pupils, wherever they may be.

Buckeye School closed in the spring of 1960 with only 6 pupils enrolled for the coming fall session.

From this little school many people have become professionals in life.

This is just a sampling of things I remember, or know about. Many good things happened and many good people went to this school before my time.

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## Buckeye School

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Buckeye School closed in the spring of 1953 with only 6 pupils enrolled for the coming fall session. From this little school many pupils have become professionals in life.

## The Old Country Schoolhouse

There are a lot of memories of long, long ago

Of an old country schoolhouse where the creek did flow.

A place for God's little children to enjoy

A lot was learned by every girl and boy

Some children walked to school for several miles

Always full of love, joy and happy smiles

Across the river and through the woods

They came through gates as fast as they could

Jumping rope, hop scotch, hide and seek

God's little children were very meek.

Standing in line the flag we pledged By the teacher we were all led.

Three old ladies walking that took all the children's eyes.

Walking to the store to get some supplies.

Long dresses and bonnets are what they wore.

As they walked down the hill and on to the store.

Across the fence a cow and a barn Mountain splendor in the background

A well in the back with a pump for water

If we pumped too much it didn't seem to matter.

We sat on the bridge and ate our lunch

With feet hanging down, we were a happy bunch.

Maybe we would think of a game to try

As we watched the water go rolling by.

We liked to go walking every day Across the bridge and up a pathway

That went to the outhouse on the hill

To each one of us it was a thrill. The old country schoolhouse with a big iron bell

God's little children playing farmer in the dell.

We had to go in when we heard the bell ring

To study our lessons and maybe to sing.

This was a special kind of place There are memories that time cannot erase.

We will put our trust in God each day

As we walk the last mile of the way.

by Flora Aukridge Lovelace

In Memory of the Buckeye Schoolhouse



# 50 Years Ago In The Pocahontas Times

May 17, 1945

## OUR ARMY AND NAVY BOYS

1st. Lieutenant John E. Beale, Slaty Fork, a combat glider pilot, has just returned to his home base in the European Theatre of Operations after successfully participating in the Airborne assault over the Rhine River in Germany.

Beale piloted one of the first gliders to land on German soil during the "D-Day on the Rhine" operations. His motorless craft, towed by a C47, carried sky soldiers of the 17th Airborne Division and valuable equipment into the battle area.

Lt. Beale, who flew his glider through thick flak and small arms fire to land in the midst of violent fighting, wasted little time in getting into action. He helped the Airborne soldiers ferret out German snipers; cleared houses of sharp shooting civilians, and help form perimeter defenses and road blocks against expected enemy counter attacks. This was the first time that glider troops had landed in areas that had not previously been secured by friendly paratroopers.

"I flew in the Normandy and Holland invasions," Beale remarked on his return, "but they were pink tea parties compared to this show. Those Germans fight twice as hard on their own soil as they did in the occupied countries."

Beale's last glider mission before the Rhine crossing was the Airborne envelopment of the German forces in the Holland lowlands. For this flight and invasion of France via the Cherbourg peninsula, he wears the Air Medal and first Oak Leaf Cluster.

The Slaty Fork glider pilot didn't fly with his parent outfit in the recent operation, but was temporarily reassigned to another group that was exclusively committed to gliders. Beale's parent group delivered 17th Airborne paratroopers during this period.

The 434th Troop Carrier Group is commanded by Lt. Col. Ben A. Garland, of Waco, Texas. This unit is part of the vast U. S. Troop Carrier forces headed by Maj. Gen. Paul L. Williamson, which comprises the flying echelon of Lt. Gen. Brereton's First Allied

When everything could be so nice for everyone there is not anything but heartbreak and misery."

"The country is beautiful," he said in another recent letter. "Pine and evergreen forests, well-tilled farms and quaint little villages. They have plenty of space in Germany and lots of natural resources. Most of Germany reminds me of the country around the Pocahontas and Greenbrier borders. They plant the pine forests."

"I cannot understand why they want to fight," he continued, "but I can understand why they last so long. They browbeat the common people and have slaves from France, Poland, Italy, Russia and all of the countries they have overrun. When we started the drive the roads were full of the slaves that were here with the Heinies when they took off. Most of them want a gun and want to join us."

The slave laborers, he wrote, had been beaten and made to dig defenses "right in the front lines for \$3 a month. They worked 16 to 18 hours a day. It is more terrible than you can imagine."

He was amazed to find that German railroads had iron ties and that "the right of way is as well kept as our lawns. Of course all the work has been done by slaves. The tales of horror these slaves tell are almost unbelievable but they are true. All of them want to join our army. All they want is revenge."

A graduate of Hillsboro High School in Pocahontas County, Private First Class Livesay entered the Army last September and trained in Texas before going overseas.



ROYAL DRUG STORE  
Marlinton, W. Va.

Mr. Roy Cain, of Huntersville, sends in this letter from his son, Arthur, with the Army in Germany.

glad to settle down for a change.

The chaplain drove up a little while ago and said we will have services in about an hour so I'd better be getting this letter finished before I go. We don't know how long we will be here, but this is one of those towns that would make a good rest center for us, but we are never lucky enough to stay in one spot long enough for that. At the rate we are moving we will be in Berlin before long and the sooner we get there the war may end and we'll all be heading for home.

We have been riding on trucks ever since we first started to move and last night they took the trucks away, so it looks like we will be doing a little walking till they bring us some more trucks. I sure hope we don't have to walk the rest of the way to Berlin, because that would be some walk; even though I'm in the infantry that is too far for me.

A couple of the boys are playing poker here and they kind of distract me from this letter but I'm doing my best to finish it before I run out of news or out of paper. Haven't much more to say except to say hello to Mom. Best regards from your son,

Arthur

## March 31 Is Deadline To Possess Non Weight Receipted or Uncertified Ginseng

Ginseng Coordinator Robert D. Whipkey said the Division of Forestry is reminding both ginseng dealers and diggers that between April 1 and August 14 of each calendar year it is illegal to possess uncertified ginseng (green or dry) and/or ginseng that does not have a certified weight receipt attached.

Ginseng diggers should take their unsold ginseng to an official weigh station by March 31, 1995, to have it weighed. The Division of Forestry maintains weigh stations in 15 West Virginia counties. If diggers fail to have their ginseng weighed by March 31 or obtain a weight receipt, they will not be able to legally sell their ginseng and could risk being caught and fined.

For more information contact Robert D. Whipkey or Robin Black with the Division of Forestry at 304-558-2788.

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5-4-22  
**CIVIL WAR LETTERS**

Written by George W. Arbogast, of the Greenbank Company, 31st Virginia Infantry, Confederate States Army, to his wife, who is now Mrs. Ellen Brown, of Greenbank. The following letters are the last of the series furnished us by his son, W W Arbogast, and were written just prior to the Battle of Spottsylvania, in which Mr. Arbogast was mortally wounded, on May 12, 1864.

Camp Near Spottsylvania Court House,

5-4-22

April 9, 1864.

My Own Dear Wife:—

The Lord has saw fit to spare me through right smart danger in the last week. I should be thankful for his mercy and blessings, as His present kindness. I have written you a letter a few days since but had no chance to send it to the P O. The battle here commenced the 4th day of April. This Reg. came to the front on the 5th and done some little fighting. John Long was killed and Geo. Arbogast wounded in Co. G.

The Yanks kept up such a strong scurming that night that we could not sleep much. On the morning of the 6th the Yanks charged our breast works, came in about thirty or forty yards and we let volley in to them, and they lay down and

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The Yanks kept up such a strong scurming that night that we could not sleep much. On the morning of the 6th the Yanks charged our breast works, came in about thirty or forty yards and we let volley in to them, and they lay down and we fought them about three quarters of an hour and our guns got so hot that we were ordered to slacken our fire. The Yanks took advantage of the time and run, and the Yanks started to yell and we let a volley into them. There were about 100 Yanks dead. James Hamilton was wounded on the leg, Charles Moore scalped on the head and Jas. Sholes had his arm broken, the bullet entered his side and since then he died. About dusk we charged the Yanks breastworks and had to fall back about two hundred yards where we fortified that night, losing sleep again.

In this charge Mathias Moore was shot through the calf of the leg, Jas Wanless was wounded slightly, making six wounded and one killed in the Co. On the morning of the sixth we advanced and fortified and not being right threw them down, and built others. At dark got orders to move at eleven o'clock and marched nearly all night, losing another night to rest. The 8th

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we charged the Yanks breastworks and had to fall back about two hundred yards where we fortified that night, losing sleep again.

In this charge Mathias Moore was shot through the calf of the leg, Jas Wanless was wounded slightly, making six wounded and one killed in the Co. On the morning of the sixth we advanced and fortified and not being right threw them down, and built others. At dark got orders to move at eleven o'clock and marched nearly all night, losing another night to rest. The 8th we marched all day, a great many gave out and some died of the effects.

April 9th today, we marched some and fortified. April 10th, I feel rested today am very well. Our Brig. Gen. Pegram is wounded also Gen. Longstreet. Gen. Jones of the 25th Brig. was killed. The 25th were taken prisoners except sixty, Warwick may be glad he was not here. I saw Howard last night, he is well. He said he had heard from you a few days since. I have received but three letters from you yet. I will have to close as I have a chance to send this out. Write every week.

Kiss my babies.

Your devoted husband,

Robert

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## THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

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Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

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THURSDAY OCTOBER 19 1939

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October 10, 1774

It was just one hundred and sixty-five years ago when irate western Virginians paid off a long standing grudge against the Ohio Indians at Point Pleasant. Ever since the close of the French and Indian war in 1763, the Indian Nations, who resented being "sold down the river" by the French, continued to pester the frontiersmen by murderous raids and sneaking attacks. In May, 1774, the House of Burgesses authorized the raising of an army, and no time was lost in getting down to business. Each county already had a well organized militia system. General Andrew Lewis was given command of the southern wing of the army which included Augusta, Botetourt and Fincastle. Botetourt included the Greenbrier Valley settlements. The troops were massed at present Lewisburg. Captain John Stuart commanded a company of thirty seven men raised from and in the vicinity of present Pocahontas county. His



sneaking attacks. In May, 1774, the House of Burgesses authorized the raising of an army, and no time was lost in getting down to business. Each county already had a well organized militia system. General Andrew Lewis was given command of the southern wing of the army which included Augusta, Botetourt and Fincastle. Botetourt included the Greenbrier Valley settlements. The troops were massed at present Lewisburg. Captain John Stuart commanded a company of thirty seven men raised from and in the vicinity of present Pocahontas county. His sergeants were James Donnally, Charles O'Hara and Harriman Skidmore. His musketeers were Daniel Workman, Samuel Williams, Wm. O'Hara, Robert O'Hara, James Pauley, James Clarke, John Pauley, Archibald McDowell, Wm Hogan, Andrew Gardiner, Quavy Lockhart, Samuel Sullivan, Thomas Fergusan, John McCandles, Thomas Gillispie, Henry Lawrence, John Crain, Wm, Dyer, Edward Smith, John Harris, Joseph Currence, Wm Clendenin, Spencer Cooper, Daniel Taylor, Jos Day, Jacob Lockhart, George Clendenin, John Burke, Charles Kennison, William Ewing, John Doherty, John McNeal and Jos Campbell. The names of these men should be emblazoned in bronze at Marlinton, for they had the honor of engaging in the last colonial pitched battle on Virginia soil and, at the same time, in the preliminary battle for American independence. Captain Stuart's company had the honor of being the first to march out of Camp Union (Lewisburg) for the battle front on the Ohio one hundred



Charles Kennison, William Ewing, John Doherty, John McNeal and Jos Campbell. The names of these men should be emblazoned in bronze at Marlinton, for they had the honor of engaging in the last colonial pitched battle on Virginia soil and, at the same time, in the preliminary battle for American independence. Captain Stuart's company had the honor of being the first to march out of Camp Union (Lewisburg) for the battle front on the Ohio one hundred sixty miles away, September 6, 1774. The rest of the little army of five hundred fifty men followed in four days, and they reached "the point" October 9. Before breakfast next morning, the battle was on against a superior number of Indians commanded by the famous Chief Keightoughqua, known to the Virginians as Cornstalk. The battle waged furiously throughout the day without victory or defeat to either side. Virgil Lewis says: "General Lewis now knew that if the battle was not ended before night settled down upon the field, it would be a night of massacre, or the morrow a day of great doubt, and he resolved to throw a body of men into the rear of the Indian army. He therefore sent three of the most renowned companies on the field to execute this movement. They were those of Captains George Mathews, John Stuart, and Eyan Shelby, the latter now commanded by his son Lt Isaac Shelby. They were called from the front, then proceeded up the Ke-



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renowned companies on the field to  
execute this movement. They were  
those of Captains George Mathews,  
John Stuart, and Evan Shelby, the  
latter now commanded by his son Lt  
Isaac Shelby. They were called from  
the front, then proceeded up the Ke-  
nawha to Crooked Creek, then up  
Crooked Creek to their destination  
and poured a destructive fire upon  
the Indian rear." This coup caused  
the Indians to retreat. The battle  
was ended. Let Pocahontas people  
note that their company under Cap-  
tain Stuart helped deliver the knock-  
out blow. Three of Stuart's men  
suffered wounds during the battle—  
Kennison, William Clendennin, and  
Thomas Ferguson. Thus did Green-  
brier Valley men valiantly acquit  
themselves on this first field of battle  
for American Independence.  
not Governor Dunlap  
at the Ohio, there  
doubtless either





Virginians would have annihilated the  
driven them out of the country.

A. E. Ewing  
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Editor's Note—Naturally, the force of his logic, long training and a general disposition to be agreeable, I agree with Mr Ewing's suggestion of an appropriate bronze marker with the names of our Indian fighters emblazoned thereon. Some of these days, probably we all will stir our stumps to do this belated honor. There is a rub however, and that is the fact that now embraces Pocahontas was divided between Augusta and Botetourte counties back the time of the Revolution. Everything north of Swago was considered Augusta and below that creek was considered Botetourte—no line having been surveyed until 1785 eight years after the formation of Greenbrier in 1777, as between Harrison and Greenbrier. While the roster of Captain Stuart's company has been preserved, so many of the rosters of the companies of Augusta county have been lost. Off hand I will say our people went out under Captain George Moffett, and I have never seen a list of his soldiers. He spent much of the summer of 1774 repairing the fort at Clover Lick, and recruited his men from this region. Off hand, again, I can recall some of them: the Warwicks, the Camerons, the Sitlingtons, the Wooddells, the Poages, the Waughs, the Slavens, William Sharp, Moses Moore, the Drennons, the Bridgers, the Friels, John Johnson, the Arbogasts. Until the required research work can be done to make the list of our heroes complete, it might be a good idea to defer the erection of the bronze tablet.

Journal's Terry Turner reprinted

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VOL. TWO: NUMBER

CONTINUED



## Draft Registrars For County Appointed

10-10-40

Wednesday, October 16, is the day set for the registration day of men between the ages of 21 and 36 years, from whom will be drawn 900,000 men to be trained for national defense and preparedness. The registration is by counties, and the place of registration is the voting precinct. The date is October 16; the hours 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

The County Court appointed the following registrars for Pocahontas County:

### GREENBANK DISTRICT

Durbin—Mrs. Homer McNeil, Mrs. Lelia Little.

Greenbank—Mrs. Virginia Conley, Mrs. L. C. McCutcheon, Mrs. Jake Dean.

Dunmore—Mrs. Lena McLaughlin, Jesse Moore.

Cass—S. A. Jackson, Elmer Duncan, Mrs. Ruth Fox.

Thornwood—Mrs. Mattie Rexrode, S.H. Johnson.



Greenbank—Mrs. Virginia Conley  
Mrs. L. C. McCutcheon, Mrs. Jake  
Dean.

Dunmore—Mrs. Lena McLaughlin,  
Jesse Moore.

Cass—S. A. Jackson, Elmer Dun-  
can, Mrs. Ruth Fox.

Thornwood—Mrs. Mattie Rexrode,  
S.H. Johnson.

Boyer—J. B. Waybright, Mrs.  
Lillian Johnson.

Hosterman—Cecil Houchin, Mrs.  
Viola Moore.

Spruce—Mrs. Frank Imes, Mrs.  
Ralph Lowe.

Bartow—Mrs. Robert Kramer, Mrs  
J. B. Snyder

#### EDRAY

Marlinton—Harlow Waugh, Mrs.  
Fred Sheets,

Edray—Geo. Geiger, S. R. Moore.

Linwood—R. L. Ruckman, Mrs. C.  
C. Beale.

Clover Lick— Mrs. Harper Bev  
erage, Legon Coyner.

West Marlinton—French Gibson,  
J. W. Moses.

Buckeye—Mrs. Amelia Rose, Mrs.  
A. W. McNeil.

Woodrow—Emory Miller, Edith  
VanReenan.

Alderny—J. H. Higgins, D. C.  
Dean.

Maxine Tracy



Dean.

Mace—G. D. Brady, Maxine Tracy  
Slatyfork —Wm. Miller, Page  
Hamrick.

### LITTLE LEVELS

Millpoint—Wm. Cackley, J. S.  
Cook.

Hillsboro—Mrs. Albert Covington,  
Lacy McMillion.

Lobelia—A Ipheus Hull, Frank  
Morrison,

Seebert—Mildred Jones, Tourence  
Workman,

Beard—Kyle Beard, Dorsey R.  
May.

Droop Mt.—W. P. Kershner, W. C.  
McMillion.

### HUNTERSVILLE

Frost—H. H. Schofield, A. J.  
harp.

Huntersville—Helen Barlow, Clar-  
McComb.

horny Creek—Ellis Friel, D. W.  
ry.

East Buckeye—Mary Clark, Jay  
ackley.

Minnehaha Springs—John  
O. Wade.

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## POCAHONTAS TIMES

(Page 2)

Published every Thursday except the last week of the year.

Entered at the Post Office at Marlinton, West Virginia 24954, as second class matter.

### SUBSCRIPTION CHARGES

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JANE PRICE SHARP, EDITOR

THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1973

### HONEY

We don't mean to go into the doctoring business but we want to pass along a home remedy. Stanley Loudermilk was in this week and said everyone was asking about how much honey and vinegar to take for arthritis and various ailments and he wanted some little cards printed so he would have them handy for his friends. He says this past summer he visited Clyde Friddle, in Moorefield, who is a young 86 and as spry and supple as a much younger man. Mr. Friddle, widely known throughout the eastern part of the state, has 109 colonies of bees. Every night for 40 years he has taken a glass of water with vinegar and honey

Of course, Mr. Loudermilk proudly added, our white lynn honey is far superior to the honey of that area, made from blue thistle, etc.

What started all this right now was the Buckeye Sunday School Class had a card from Rev. and Mrs. Ray and they were telling that the vinegar and honey was helping his arthritis so much. A few years back we read a book by a New England doctor and he credited the long life span of Vermonters to the cider vinegar and honey, also cranberry juice, that the natives used. In fact, he said it would help most any ailment, and make you feel better even if you had no ailments

Back to the recipe. One glass of water, three tablespoons of strained honey and add brown cider vinegar to suit taste.

Mr. Loudermilk's mother made wonderful sweetened corn pone and his wife is following in her way, using her recipe. But they think they have improved the pone by using honey. He brought us some Monday night and it was delicious.

### HISTORIC OCCASION 8-29-29

Stones at Graves of Pioneer Settlers To Be Unveiled Aug. 31.

On Saturday, August 31st, at 1:30 o'clock, markers for two very old graves situated in the old Lively cemetery near the home of the late L. M. Lively, at Orchard, this county, will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies, under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of Bluefield. One, a government marker, is for the grave of Cottrell Lively, a soldier of the American Revolution; the other is for Mrs. Ann Morris Maddy Parsons, sister of Robert Morris, the great financier of the American Revolution.

Cottrell Lively enlisted in the Continental army when a lad of sixteen, from Albemarle county, Virginia, and after the close of the war emigrated to Monroe county (then Greenbrier), married Sarah Maddy, daughter of Mrs. Ann Morris Maddy Parsons, and settled on what is still known as the old Lively Place. This home descended to his son, Col. Wilson Lively, but after his death at the close of the Civil War, it was burned. L. M. Lively, a grandson of Wilson Lively and great grandson of Cottrell Lively, later acquired the land and rebuilt the home.

These pioneer settlers, Cottrell Lively and Mrs. Ann Morris Maddy Parsons, left many descendants, some of whom still reside in Monroe and adjoining counties, who will be interested in the exercises on August 31st. All are cordially invited to be present, bring their lunch and make the occasion a picnic family reunion.

Mrs. Ella Lively Kesler of Lowell, West Virginia, is preparing a paper on the "Lively Family," and Mrs. Bettie Lively Holroyd, of Athens, a paper on "Ann Morris Maddy Parsons." Both of these ladies will be glad to receive any family history or information relative to their subjects. E. L. Lively of Fairmont, will make the principal address.

Mrs. Rose Lively Arnett of Gray, Oklahoma; Mrs. Pink Lively McNeer of Los Angeles, Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lively of Roanoke, Virginia; Mrs. Nannie Lively Blankenship of Radford, Virginia; Richard Lively of Oklahoma, and Judge Frank Lively, of Charleston, are some of the descendants from a distance, who have signified their intention of being present. Monroe Watchman.

Andrew Price has been invited to attend. He is to attempt an address on the subject, "Minute Men."

### The Trail of the Lonesome Pine

On a mountain in Virginia,  
Stands a lonesome pine,  
Just below is the cabin home  
Of a little girl of mine.  
Her name is June, and very, very  
She'll belong to me.  
For I know she's waiting there  
Neath that lone pine-tree.

#### Chorus

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of  
On the trail of the lonesome pine,  
In the pale moonshine our hearts  
Where she carved her name,  
O June! like the mountains I'm  
I am lonesome for you.  
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of  
On the trail of the lonesome pine.

I can hear the tinkling waterfall  
Far among the hills,  
Bluebirds sing, each so merrily,  
To his mate in rapture-tails.  
They seem to say: "Your June  
Lingers still her eyes;  
She is waiting for you patiently  
Where the pine-tree sighs."

#### Chorus

Heart and Home

### Great Greenbrier Log Drive

A new event in  
Autumn Harvest  
commemorates the 19th  
drives on the Greenbrier  
famous by W. E.  
Riders of the Flood,  
same time raising money  
PCHS's expanding gift  
program.

Before the railroad  
Pocahontas County at  
the century, the only way  
white pine logs down to  
Ronceverte was to float  
the river. But as we all  
much of the year the Greenbrier  
barely float a canoe. The  
loggers used splash down  
small streams to carry  
down to the river. They  
stayed throughout the winter.

As Roy Clarkson

Tumult on the Mountains.

"The beginning of  
was heralded by the breaking  
the ice and its floating down.  
The huge blocks of ice w  
along the river banks  
sloughs and eddies formed  
that helped keep the logs



## **The Trail of the Lonesome Pine**

On a mountain in Virginia  
Stands a lonesome pine,  
Just below is the cabin home  
Of a little girl of mine;  
Her name is June, and very, very soon  
She'll belong to me,  
For I know she's waiting there for me,  
'Neath that lone pine-tree.

### *Chorus*

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia,  
On the trail of the lonesome pine,  
In the pale moonshine our hearts entwined,  
Where she carved her name and I carved mine;  
O June! like the mountains I'm blue, like the pine  
I am lonesome for you;  
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia,  
On the trail of the lonesome pine.

I can hear the tinkling waterfall  
Far among the hills,  
Bluebirds sing, each so merrily  
To his mate in rapture-trills;  
They seem to say: "Your June is lonesome, too,  
Longing fills her eyes;  
She is waiting for you patiently  
Where the pine-tree sighs."

### *Chorus*

Hearth and  
Home

1.1-28.



Hearth and  
Home

1-1-22

## Great Greenbrier River Log Drive

A new event at this year's Autumn Harvest Festival commemorates the 19th century log drives on the Greenbrier, made famous by W. E. Blackhurst's *Riders of the Flood*, while at the same time raising money to support PCHS's expanding girl's athletics program.

Before the railroad came to Pocahontas County at the turn of the century, the only way to get the white pine logs down to the mill at Ronceverte was to float them down the river. But as we all know, for much of the year the Greenbrier can barely float a canoe. The old time loggers used splash dams in the small streams to carry the logs down to the river. There they stayed throughout the winter.

As Roy Clarkson recounts in *Tumult on the Mountains*,

"The beginning of the drive was heralded by the breaking up of the ice and its floating downstream. The huge blocks of ice were piled along the river banks and in sloughs and eddys forming walls that helped keep the logs in the

main stream. The logs themselves were rolled in as soon as the main floe passed and were carried swiftly downstream. The men, with their teams followed along both banks to keep logs rolled into the water and to clear out the ones that were forced into sloughs and flats by the swollen stream.

The work was dangerous and extremely disagreeable. The men worked from early morning until after dark, much of the time soaked by the icy water. Nevertheless, the drive continued until the logs were caught near the sawmill by large booms that extended across the river."

The Great Greenbrier river Log Drive, to be held Saturday, September 29, at noon, recalls the exciting days, but on a miniature scale. "Mini-logs", each branded with a number will be launched into the Greenbrier near Burns Motor Freight. The first mini-log to reach the highway bridge in Marlinton will be declared the winner. The person whose \$5 donation to the PCHS girls athletic program "bought" that log will receive a \$250 premium. You can buy a mini-log from any PCHS woman athlete or call the high school at 799-6564.

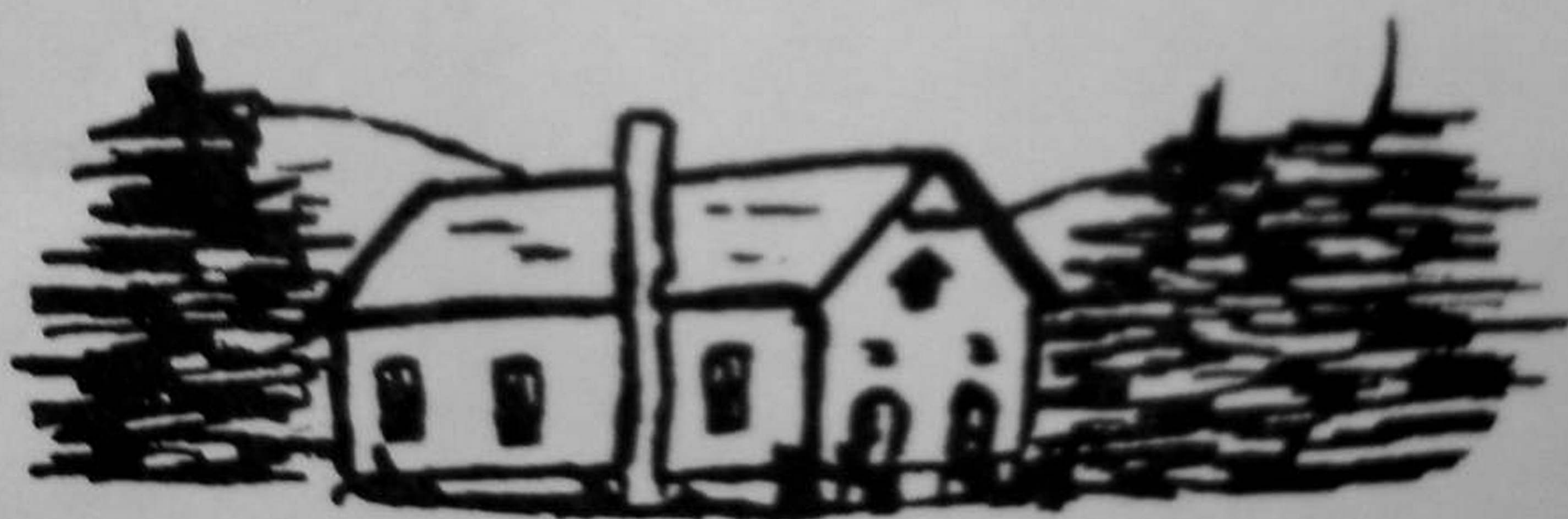


...his wife ... are a self-suffl- ... winter storms. ... altitudes before the  
(From the Webster  
1964

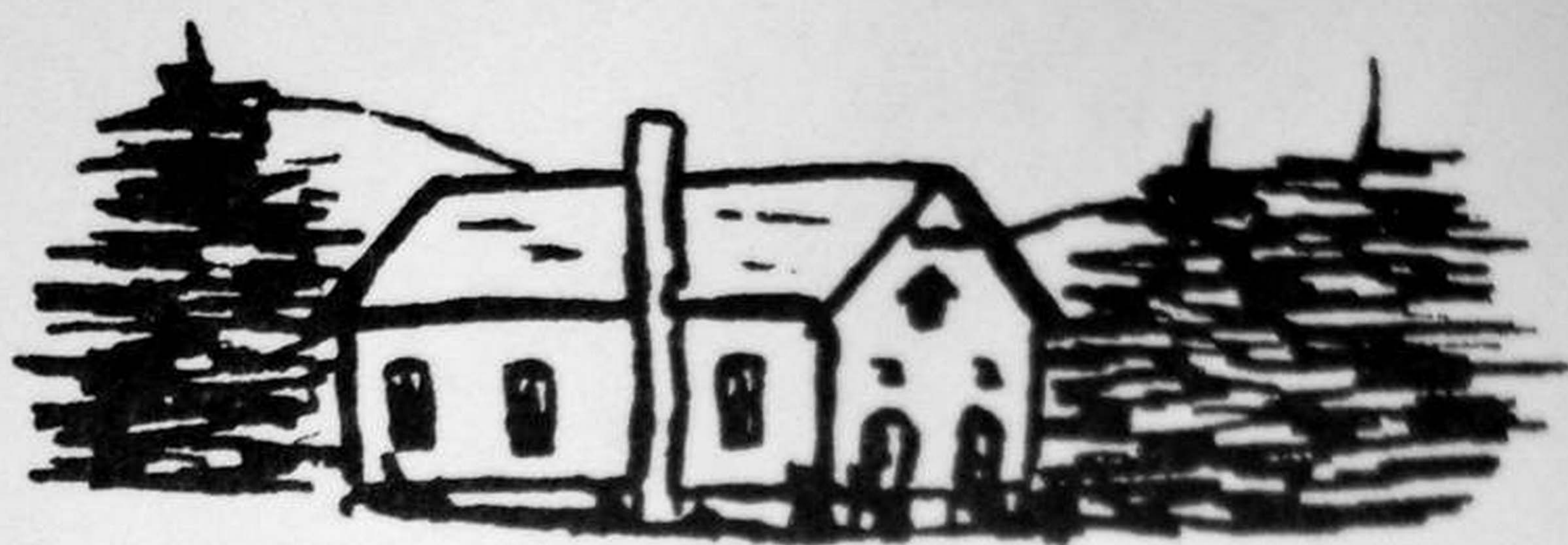
# Mary's Chapel

## 100th

## Anniversary







Mathew 16:18

“and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”



his wife Mamie are a self-suffl-

his herd to lower altitudes before the adverse  
winter storms. (From the Webster Republi

1964

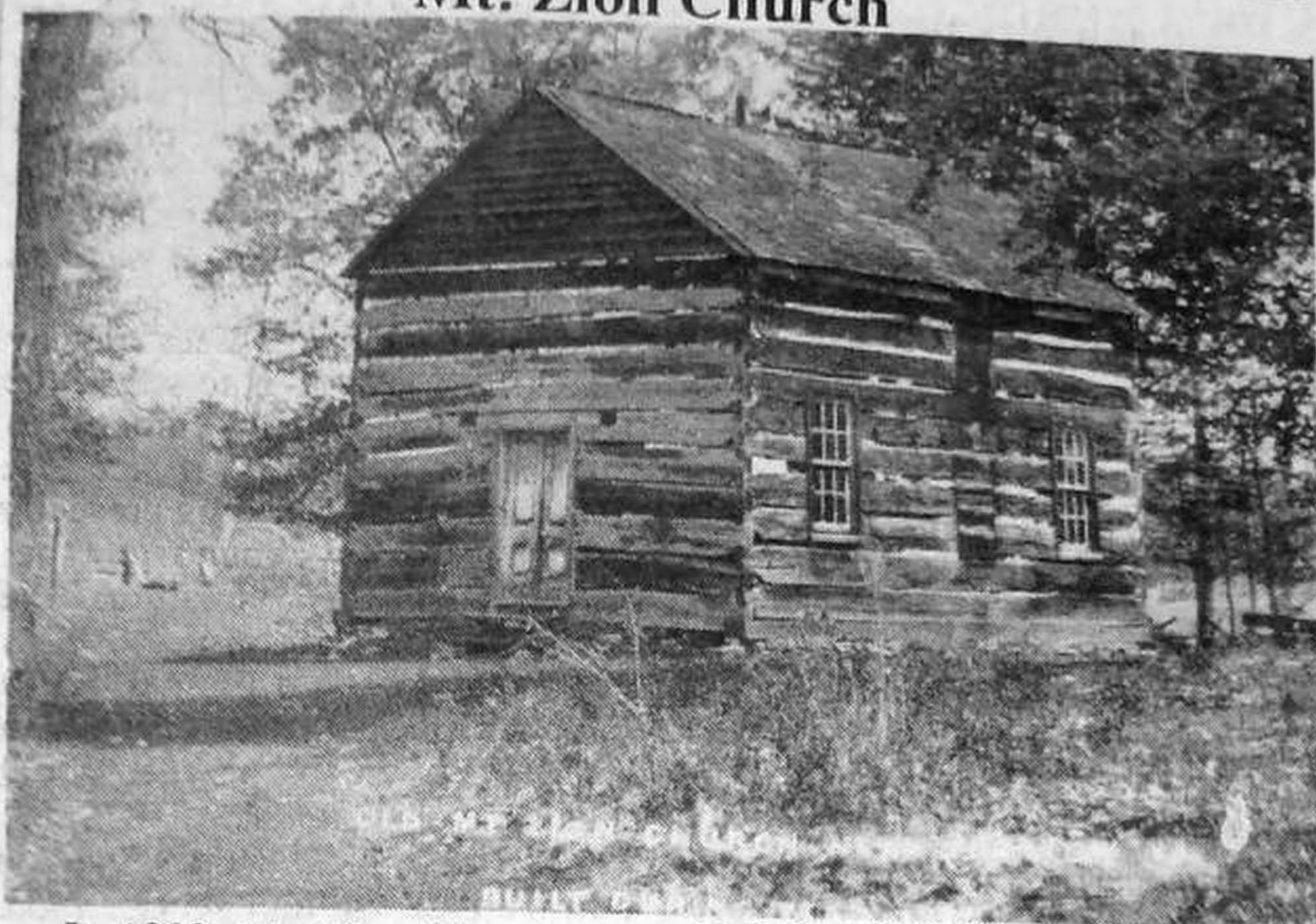
Come and celebrate the 100th anniversary of Mary's Chapel founded in 1888.

Services will begin September 4th from 10:00 am until 4:00 pm. Old fashioned dinner on the grounds. Your presence will make this celebration complete.



11-22-90

## Mt. Zion Church



In 1808, Mt. Zion Church was built on land belonging to Felix Grimes, who settled in the Hill Country in the year of 1770. The deed was given for the church on September 6, 1836, by Charles Grimes (son of Felix) and Martha, his wife, to James Wanless, William Moore, John Wanless, James Grimes, John Sharp, Henry Arbogast and John Waugh - trustees. Consisting of two acres and 51 poles, it was a part of the survey of 510 acres granted to Felix Grimes by patent and devised to the said Charles Grimes in his will. They sold it to the trustees for five dollars.

The deed reads thus - Together with all of the wood waters there to belonging to the above mentined and described, price of land to the above named trustees and their successors in office forever. That shall erect or cause to be erected a house. A place to worship of God through the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. According to the rules of desciple ship.

I have been told that a quarterly Conference was held at the said church in 1840. In a report to Conference by the trustees, Martin Dilley, Washington Moore and Beverley Waugh, they stated that the building was completed to the ceiling, the cost had been \$300.00

and that \$50.00 should finish it. Hanson Dilley bought the stone, paid \$5.00 for it. Preston Moore, Harvey Curry and Moses Moore were appointed to fill vacancies which had occurred. This church originally had a gallery for the use of the slaves. This was an active church until about 1957.

Approximately sixty years ago the small windows were changed and the outside covered with tin. In the 1950's the wooden steps were replaced with concrete steps. Also, the roof and inside and outside of the church were painted. In the 1970's, the foundation was repaired. Today the Mt. Zion church is used for funerals, homecomings, or services from time to time. The cemetery which surrounds the church is still being used.

The above was taken from a bulletin on the 150th Anniversary in 1986.

This church is being restored as nearly as possible to the original log church as a landmark in the community, in honor of our forefathers.

This is being done by free labor and donations.

Anyone wishing to help may send a donation to Mae Corbett, Rt. 1, Box 130A, Dunmore, WV 24934.

Make checks payable to Mt. Zion Building Fund.

Seneca Trail  
The Seneca Trail  
met Friday night.  
held by Mrs Robert  
portant feature of  
music recital by  
music class. C  
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Bright talked o  
' Teaching Econo  
A special song wa  
and girls of the  
grades. Refres  
by the 4 H Club



17-38

### Seneca Trail P. T. A.

The Seneca Trail Parent-Teachers met Friday night. Devotionals were held by Mrs Robert Gibson. An important feature of the program was a music recital by Joe Compolio and his music class. C C. Beale gave an interesting report concerning electricity for the community. Miss Lucille Bright talked on the subject of 'Teaching Economics to Children.' A special song was sung by the boys and girls of the second and third grades. Refreshments were served by the 4 H Club girls.



### List for Pocahontas County

The Veterans Memorial Foundation has sent us the following list containing the names they have of Pocahontas County casualties. Families are asked to check the list carefully for mistakes in the way a name is given or for omissions. If a mistake needs to be corrected or a name added contact the Foundation at the address given above.

#### World War I

Blankenship, Benjamin F.  
Edwards, Seth W.  
Lambert, William O.  
McMillion, Edgar E.  
Wilfong, Marvin  
Acord, Charles H.  
Gum, Charles N.  
McLaughlin, Charles C.  
Sponaugle, Woodfin H.  
Buzzard, Lloyd W.  
Henderson, James  
Burr, Forrest W.  
Dean, Silas D.  
Hannah, Fred A.  
Judy, Jesse L.  
Kelley, Robert S.  
Messer, Elbert  
Webster, Winters W.  
York, Norman B.  
Houchin, Ward W.  
Rose, Carl  
Aronhalt, John H.  
Gilmore, Earl A.  
Smith, Dewey C.

#### World War II

Adkison Robert L.

Do you k



Messer, Elbert  
Webster, Winters W.  
York, Norman B.  
Houchin, Ward W.  
Rose, Carl  
Aronhalt, John H.  
Gilmore, Earl A.  
Smith, Dewey C.

### World War II

Adkison Robert L.  
Alderman, John M.  
Bennett, Othel B.  
Brock, Carl D.  
Burns, Geroge C.  
Burris, Frank E.  
Bussard, Eugene P.  
Buzzard, Elmer W.  
Cloonan, Clarence B.  
Curry, Everett M.  
Dean, Harlan E. *Killed*  
Fertig, Gay S.  
Friel, Paul C.  
Gillispie, Owen K.  
Griffin, Ralph J.  
Grogg, Emil L.  
Hannah, Samuel B. III  
Hefner, Andy E.  
Jeffries, William M.  
King, Letcher L.  
McCarty, Letch  
McNeill, James H.  
McLaughlin, W.W.  
McLaughlin, Decima E.  
McLaughlin, Floyd E.  
Meeks, Eugene B.  
Mullenax, Raymond R.  
Ray, George W.  
Reed, Andrew O.  
Reed, Harold L.  
Rife, Henry, Jr.  
Sharp, Basil C.  
Shiffler, George E.  
Shinaberry, M. G.  
VanReenen, Cecil G.  
Walker, James G.  
Watts, William D.  
Williamson, Clyde J.  
Korea



Do you know these men?  
postcard. Contact Dorothy Fert  
Dunmore, WV 24934



Watts, William D.  
Williamson, Clyde J.  
**Korea**

Carr, Bernard E.  
James, Davis E.

**Vietnam**

McCarty, Douglas Wayne  
Rexrode, Jack Lee  
Rider, Samuel Dewey, Jr.  
Sprouse, Lee Roy David  
Underwood, Watson Jr.  
Van Meter, Jake Harold, Jr.  
Williams, John Ray  
Friel, Luster Clark  
Wilmoth, Lewis Dixon

**Additional Names**

The names listed below are given in the Pocahontas County History Book as casualties but not on the Memorial Foundation's list. If correct they need to be confirmed to the Foundation by a family or other knowledgeable person.

**World War I**

William C. Burwell  
Paul B. Duprey  
Clao B. McKeever  
C. Symes



Van Meter, Jake Harold, Jr.  
Williams, John Ray  
Friel, Luster Clark  
Wilmoth, Lewis Dixon

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### **World War I**

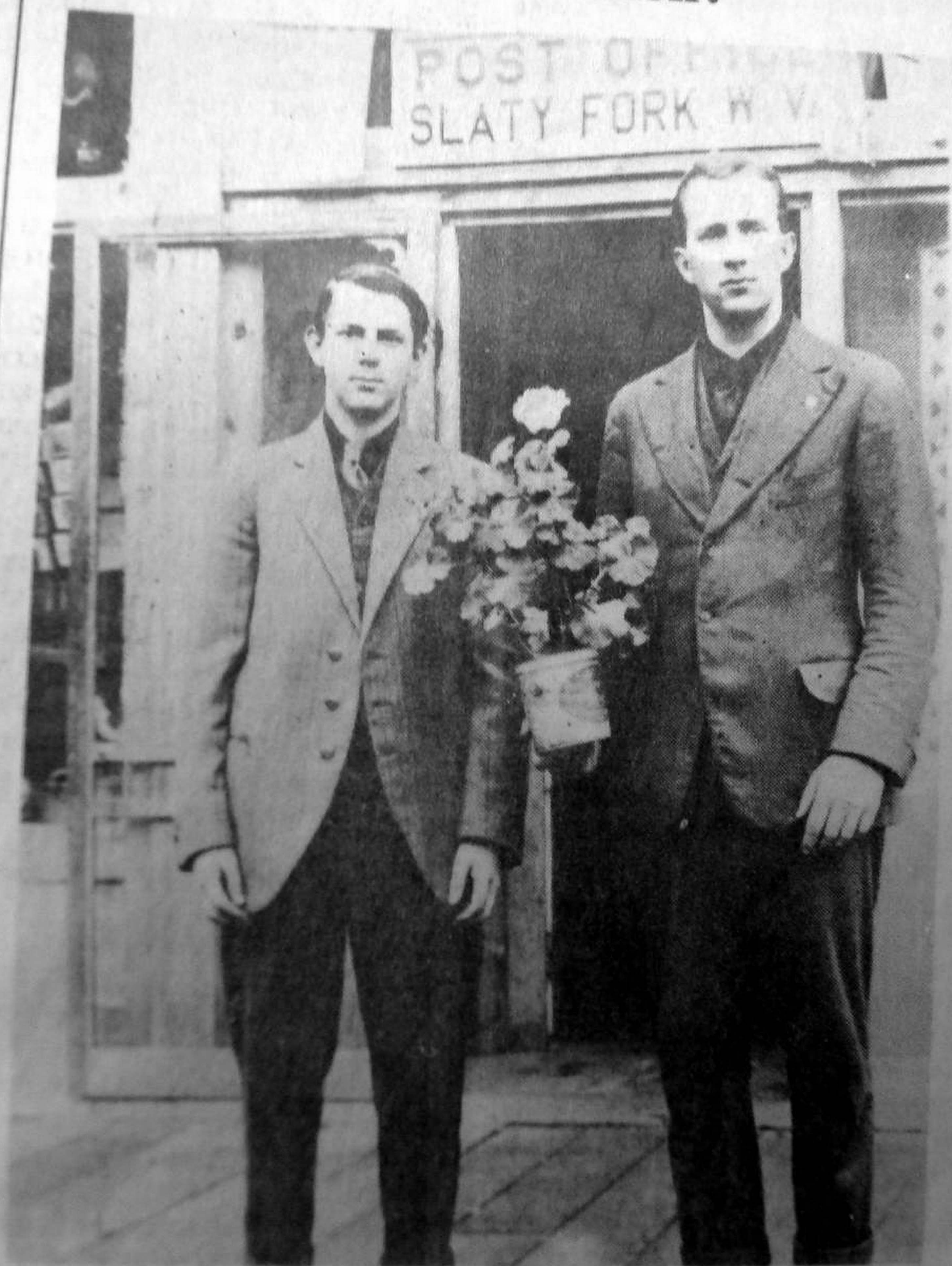
William C. Burwell  
Paul B. Duprey  
Clio B. McKeever  
George C. Symes  
Frazier O. Thomas  
Page D. Waugh

### **World War II/Korea/Vietnam**

Stanley W. Armentrout  
George W. Darnell  
James O. Daugherty  
Loris H. Duncan  
Kenneth J. Hamrick  
Robert L. McComb  
Lamar A. Scott  
Samuel F. Spencer



**Do you know these men?**



**Do you know these men? This is a picture of a postcard. Contact Dorothy Fertig, Route 1 Box 338-A, Dunmore, WV 24934**





The WEST VIRGINIA

# HERALD

SINGLE  
COPY  
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VOL. TWO: NUMBER 34 RICHWOOD, W. VA. AUGUST 24, 1957



When the Akron Beacon Journal's Terry Turner reprinted the News Leader's "You Can't See Me," the cartoon was used.



By last count, 55 different returns at night. He is tired. He has had the whole world people from all parts of the He has had the whole world country as well as one from on his back. And he wants to sit Canada wanted me to know down. He doesn't even ask for recently that a doctor in Ja- pipe and slippers or even sup- pan whom I didn't know from per. He's too tired. Okay, so Adam had taken out his own what. Okay, wife meets him appendix. There was a reason at door with book and hammer in the madness that seized my and saw. She knows how he thoughtful subscribers a n d can make the darlingest little prompted them to send me that stand to hold the darling little assorted mess of clippings. I am things that he made last night.

It is something simple. Some- thing you can do yourself, she tells him. Does he look at her and say, "Dearie, take this %\$\*&%( crap and do it your- self." Does he? No. Hu-huh. No never. He sulks and batters his finger nails and mutters under his breath and takes it out on the hired help the next day.

I know enough about the male to know that one of these days the worm would turn. He would start stopping at a beer garden instead of going home, and then one day suddenly he would just be a name in the files of the Missing Persons Bureau. I figured somebody had to do something somehow. And the best thing to do is to laugh the thing out. Ha, ha. That's the way. So I decided to write a satire on the thing. Good old "Punk" Pinckard of the Hunt- ington papers taught me all I know about writing editorials. (Brother, would I like to see his face when he reads this!)

He said, "Jim". He was always singling me out in c l a s s. "Jim", he said, "Don't use a club when you can use a knife." Precious, precious, carefree school days.

A knife would be used to free the world of the fell

While I admit that my "You Can Remove Your Own Appen- dix" was sound and based on the best possible surgical advice and knowledge, I still didn't really expect anybody to actual- ly try to perform such an op- eration upon himself. Anything could happen, and anything could have happened to the Japanese doctor, although I do admit that I haven't recovered sufficiently from the scars of Pearl Harbor to give the man too much thought. I hope, how- ever, that my article, although it was distributed pretty widely by the Associated Press, didn't have anything to do with the doctor's autoursurgicim. (That reminds me, one of these days I am going to do a do-it-your- self called "You Can Make Up Your Own Words").

Satire Is What It Was

The reason that I wrote the thing on taking out your own appendix, was to make fun of the whole idea of you-can-do-it-yourselfism in this country. I saw in the thing a great threat to the American home. Hubby

clutches of you-can-do-it-your- self. Something like Swift's—or was it Armour's—"Modest Pro- posal in a Tub", an essay that kept the Irish people from eat- ing their children. That was back during the early railroad building days in America and we couldn't turn a wheel with- out some Irish workmen. We looked into the matter and found that the Irish were eating their children. Don't ask me why. Maybe Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, the Irish have no bread" and then some queen said, "Sir, let 'em eat children". Anyhow

the American Chamber of Com- merce and the Railroad Broth- erhood sent this Swift (it could have been a Mr. Wilson) and he wrote a satire and saved the Union Pacific from Bein' No railroad.

Not My First Attempt

(I would like to interject here that the above pun is in copy- right, whether anybody has any intentions of using it or not). The appendix thing wasn't my first attempt to rid the world of this malady. I first did one called "You Can Be Your Own Psychoanalist", and brother, was that ever a dud! I tried another one. Did hours of research on it. Wrote it down and had it checked and double checked for accuracy. But I never used it. I wasn't quite sure just how far my readers would let me go. It was called "You Can Embalm Your Own Loved Ones". For the past three years it has lain on top of the bills and old Richwood Banking and Trust Company blotters in my desk. Ever so often I pick up the manuscript and look at it long- ingly and ask Bronson what he thinks and he says, "No, I don't believe I'd use it." And I put it back.

The best idea of all was the auto-appendectomy. I had the idea for a long time, before I approached a doctor for some technical know-how. It isn't at all unusual for a writer to call upon a doctor for background information. Sinclair Lewis did it frequently, and you know who Sinclair Lewis was! I met Dr. Pangloss on the street. That isn't the doctor's real name. Dr.

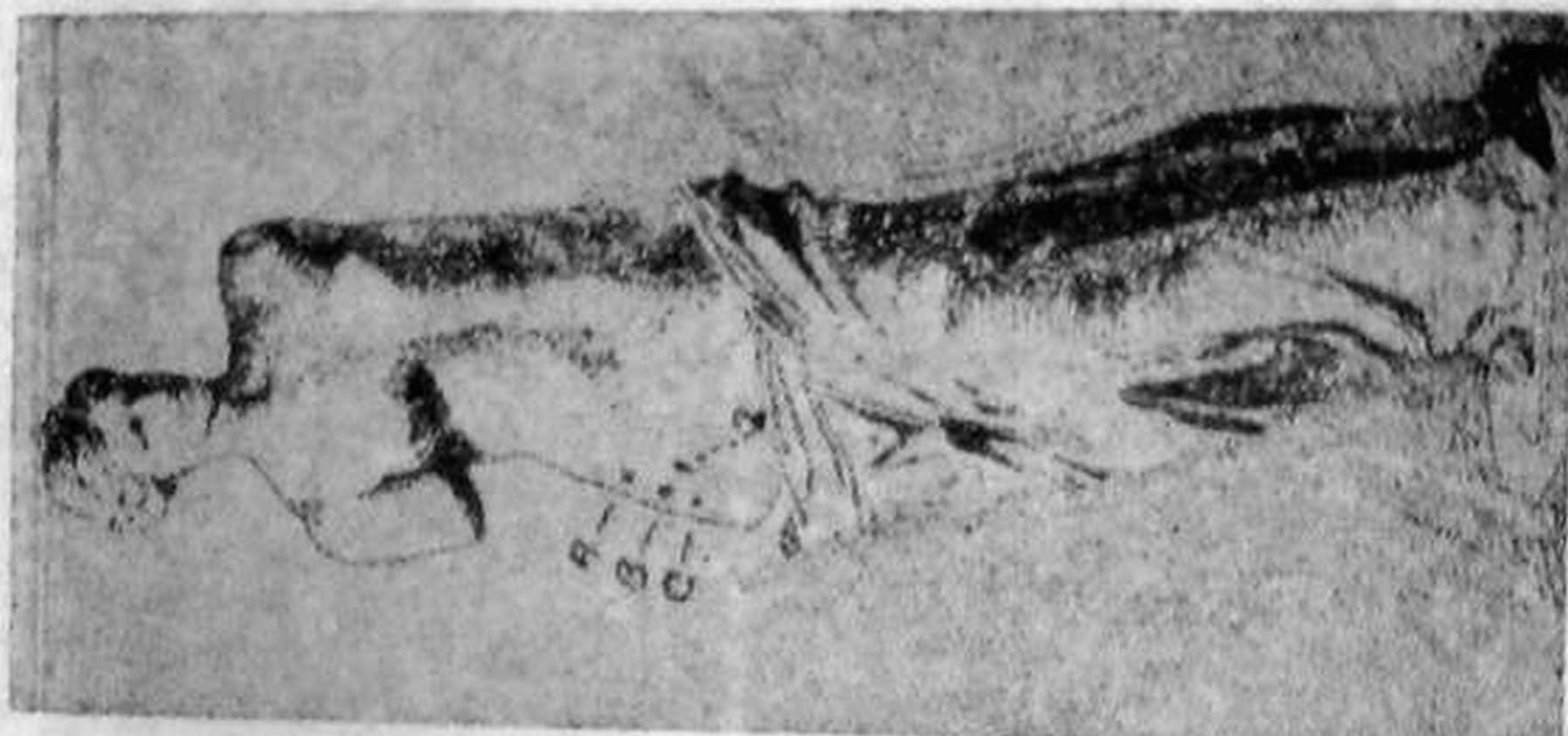
The doctor wanted to know was I serious. I told him I was. "Well, I'll tell you what. You want me to tell you what I would do if I wanted to take out my own appendix. That isn't too difficult. As many as three doctors to my knowledge have tried it, and I think one of them survived. My proposi- tion is this: I will collaborat- with you in every way. I'll give you all the technical information needed, and I'll pitch in a lot of good confusing medical terms. If . . ."

I knew it would be a har- bargain. But it wasn't.

Doctor Was Mum

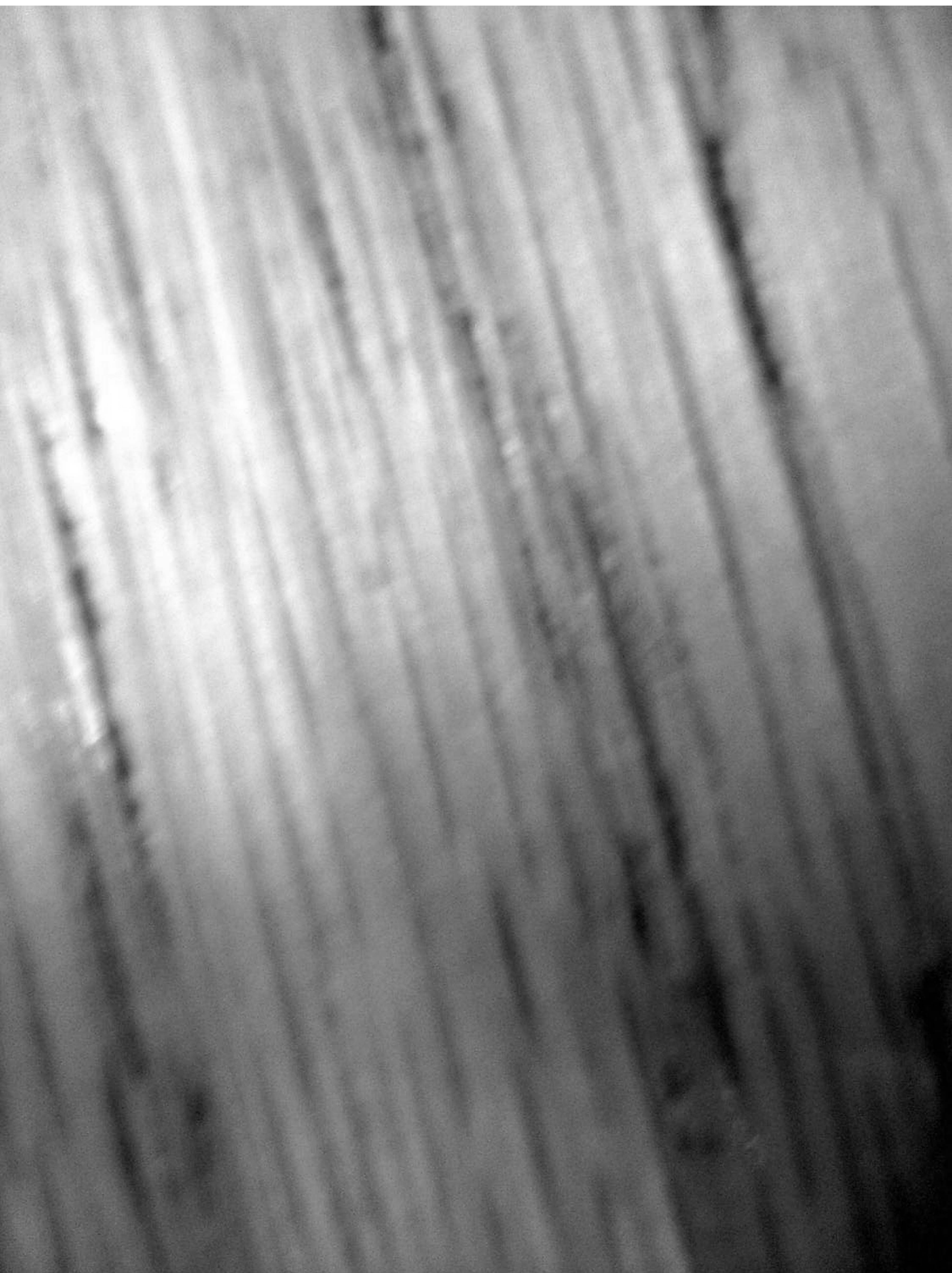
"If you'll never tell anybody that I had anything to do with it." He looked around to see we could be heard, then whispered, "I am just on the verge of announcing a new

(Turn to Page 10)



THE VENUS DE MILO  
X Marks the Spot









Holding a mattock, Jacob Astor Spaur inspects some freshly dug ramps gathered for a festival held annually in Ireland, W. Va.

# THE RAMPS ARE UP! COME FEAST

Photos by WILLIAM L. KLENDER



Mrs. Floda Perrine and Mrs. Georgia Alkire helped prepare some of the hundred bushels of ramps served.

By RALPH REPPERT

**H**IGH on the slopes of the West Virginia hills grows an herb which, eaten raw or cooked, combines the heavenly flavor of ambrosia with a smell powerful enough to knock a man down.

It is the super-pungent variety of wild leek (*Allium tricoccum*) known as the ramp. From its big family tree, it inherits the best and the worst of both onion and garlic, and to these it adds its own delicious and distinctive flavor.

Botanically, it is a cousin of the lily of the valley, which it resembles. Usually it grows to its ideal height — 10 to 12 inches — by the middle of April. Then, in communities throughout the state, tens of thousands of West Virginians gather to eat ramps raw, fried, boiled, in soups, stews and omelettes, minced and added raw to side dishes which range from soup beans to coleslaw.

Every year native sons transplanted in other states drive 300 and 400 miles to come home at ramp time to eat them. There aren't many other places to go. Ramps, although they can be found in mountain woodlands from Maine down into North Carolina, grow most abundantly and with superior flavor in West Virginia.

Ramps have been called the Cherokees' Revenge, for these Indians are said to have introduced them to the early Blue Ridge Mountain settlers. In the days of the pioneers, they were cherished as the year's first edible greenery after a winter menu of dried beans and salted meat.

West Virginians still hail them as a spring tonic. Some claim 14 different beneficial medical properties for the ramp. Doctors say only that they contain an abundance of Vitamin C.

**N**OBODY knows for sure, but West Virginia's wild-wild leek is thought to have taken its name from the French *rampion*. A misnomer, for the French plant is a three-foot growth topping a carrot-shaped root which, though edible, has a tame flavor.

Ramps are as fiercely odorous as they are delicious. In describing their smell, it is impossible to exaggerate.

"Lilies the ramps may be," mountaineers say, "but folks what eats 'em ain't."

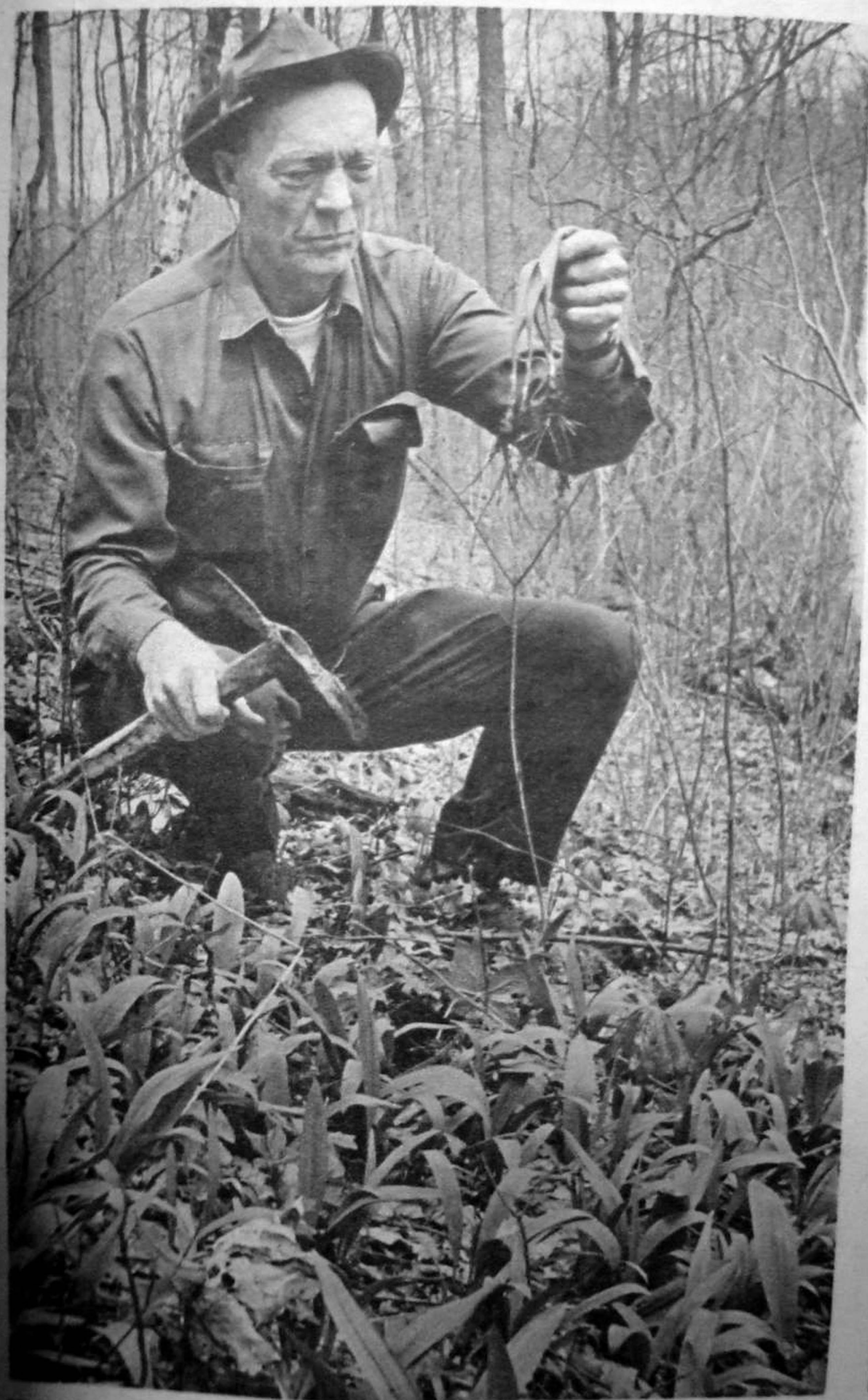
Putting it as gently as possible, eating ramps leaves your breath strong enough for a full-grown boy to chin himself on it. There's a hefty measure of garlic in the smell, and of skunk.

THE SUN MAGAZINE, JUNE 11, 1972



People pay \$1 each to attend a ramp feast in the community hall, which seats 116 diners at a time. Served in addition to ramps are meat loaves, home fried potatoes, soup beans, green beans, pickled eggs, cornbread, pie, sassafras tea, coffee.





*Holding a mattock, Jacob Astor Spaur inspects some freshly dug ramps gathered for a festival held annually in Ireland, W. Va.*

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*Mrs. Floda P. prepare some*



Photos by WILLIAM L. KLENDER



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...gathered for a picnic here annually in Ireland, W. Va. prepare some of the hundred bushels of ramps served.

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It has also been compared to the sharp odor of acetylene, gas formed when water is poured over carbide. To round out the fragrance, add the deep, mellow aroma downwind from an old tannery on a hot day.

**RAMP** smell is an insidious, penetrating thing which permeates every cell of the body and every fiber of the clothing. For days after a ramp feast, it emanates from the pores of the skin.

In many households it is the custom for a man coming home from a ramp feast to go directly to the garage, where he takes off all his clothing. It goes

directly into the washing machine, and is run through twice.

The man moves then into a shower. He may shower again several times before going to work on Monday morning. And then it happens—his secretary may refuse to sit in the same room with him.

West Virginia teachers have the authority to send home any child who comes to school after eating ramps. The child has to stay home until he sweeter up. Sometimes this takes three days.

But the flavor—ah, the flavor—worth every bit of trouble it entails.

Paul Loudin, a funeral director in



boiled, drained, refrigerated. Are the last minute, then fried in, and served smoking hot. MaDo you add a touch of vinegar at the

In West Virginia, all ramps are practically the same menu. In the cooked ramps, raw ramps (which are salt as green onions are) and the potatoes, there are soup, beans, cottage cheese, pickled deviled eggs, cornbread, iced tea, coffee and a choice of or lemon pie.

Dale Pickens and his wife have gallons of special applesauce, in the sulphured apples.

Some West Virginians still get the fruit this way. In the autumn the picked apples are peeled and on and hung in cotton bags (which over the side of a 20-gallon

*Continued*

Ireland, a village near Buckhannon and Weston, has directed his community's ramp feasts for the last 25 years. His is not the biggest in the state, nor the oldest, but most ramp lovers consider it one of the best.

His first ramp feed, in a church basement, drew 75 customers. Now there are more than a thousand, just about as many as the Ireland Community Building can accommodate.

The secret of putting on a good ramp feast is that everybody works—retired townspeople, the farm women's clubs, the church groups, 4-H boys and girls.

After the February thaw, Pete Craw-



ford, who heads up the ramp diggers, takes a run over to Hacker's Valley—where they grow tender and thick—for a look at this year's crop. Sometimes he lifts the crusted snow to locate the best patches. After another trip or two, he takes an educated guess at when the ramps will be prime size, and then Loudin can announce the ramp feast date. The announcement is carried by the local newspapers, radio and TV stations, not as paid advertising, but as news.

At the same time, he sends out the ramp feast date in a stack of stamped and self-addressed envelopes left with him the previous year by transplanted West Virginians who want to know when to come back home.

**W**ITH crews of three or four men each day, Pete Crawford dug for a week this year. The ramps were just right—nearly a foot high, stalks the size of a lead pencil, tender and succulent as new green onions. A hundred bushels were hauled in in burlap sacks.

Once begun, a ramp feast has to move along quickly, for ramps have a short season. The herb becomes hot, tough and unbearably strong after the flower



and the  
head breaks into bloom.

The women get busy at the Community Building. Ramps are cleaned the way green onions are, except that the whole ramp, leaf and all, is eaten. Chopped into short sections, the ramps go into big kettles where they are boiled, drained, boiled again, then put into refrigeration until the day of the feast.

In huge pots, fragrant chunks of sassafras root boil all day. The dark red tea is made double strength so it can later be diluted, heated again and served with the feast. Some believe the tea to be the world's best cure for spring fever, claiming it thins the blood and tones it up for summer. It needs no such ballyhoo. The reason no ramp feast is ever held without sassafras tea is that it is delicious.

The ramp feast workers show up early on Saturday, for serving starts at noon.

They break out the bacon, and soon it is sizzling in half a dozen black iron skillets. Before the day is over, they'll fry 475 pounds of it.

Ten bushels of potatoes boiled the day before with their jackets on are sliced and browned in the bacon fat.

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fry 475 P  
Ten bushels of potatoes are sliced the day before with their jackets on are sliced and browned in the bacon fat.

**T**IME now to haul out the ramps. In some parts of the state they merely boil ramps with ham or a side of bacon.

Paul Loudin's customers like ramps boiled, drained, refrigerated until the last minute, then fried in bacon fat and served smoking hot. Many devotees add a touch of vinegar at the table.

In West Virginia, all ramp feasts offer practically the same menu. In addition to cooked ramps, raw ramps (eaten with salt as green onions are) and home fried potatoes, there are soup beans, green beans, cottage cheese, pickled eggs, deviled eggs, cornbread, sassafras tea, iced tea, coffee and a choice of apple or lemon pie.

Dale Pickens and his wife haul in 12 gallons of special applesauce, made with sulphured apples.

Some West Virginians still preserve the fruit this way. In the autumn, freshly picked apples are peeled and quartered and hung in cotton bags (sugar sacks) over the side of a 20-gallon stone jar. A

*Continued on Page 15*



## From Judge Gathright

— 2-1-57

January 21, 1951.

My dear Calvin:

I have just read with much interest your account of your Highland trip where you told the folks something of the Cranberry Glades. This reminds me of an unfinished story of the Bogs that I wanted you to have.

Some years ago, by special appointment with you, I took a very distinguished party of friends over to Marlinton, where you joined us and made the trip to Cranberry Bogs. Incidentally, I want to say that we had with us on that trip, Mrs. Henry, of Philadelphia, who is probably the world's authority on wild flowers. This trip through the Bogs with you and your knowledge of how it was formed, the plant life and everything made it wonderfully interesting.

When we came back out of the Bogs to the road one of the ladies exclaimed what beautiful trilliums were on a little rise just above us, at which time all of us climbed up to see the wild flowers. You reached down and pulled up something and asked if I knew what it was. I did not and you told me it was a "ramp" and that I should have some of them growing on my preserve. I borrowed two feed sacks from the chief engineer of the Government Reservation and in a very small space got started.

## RAMP-EATER'S REUNION

The ancient, tho unappreciated order of ramp-eaters held their annual reunion at Swago Sunday. The site selected was one of such rare charm that only one accustomed to hunting the lovely places in search of the fragrant lily could fully appreciate.

The little cove, grass carpeted, made a natural amphitheatre. Gushing over a cliff on one side of the bowl is a spring large enough to turn a mill. Below the spring a smokeless open fire of dry butternut sticks. Over the fire black kettles of boiling ramps. Above the kettles loomed the genial chief cook, Tone Lightner. His watchful eye was on the cleaners, the fryers, the coffee boilers, while his ready tongue kept up a running barrage that put everyone in fine good humor.

While we lounged, were inhaling the blended aroma of sizzling ramps and black coffee, the ladies began to lay a long row of white table covers on the grass. When they had put them down some forty or fifty feet they began putting down the ballast. When they had finished and the smoking ramps had been carried to the middle of the array, all the folks present whether members or visitors, were invited to march around and eat what they would.

There was enough and to spare of every good thing that grows in or upon the earth in Pocahontas except honey. I presume the only reason it was not in evidence is the fact that honey and ramps do not blend.

Two things impressed me above all others. I never was in so large a crowd before where everyone seemed in such fine spirits. The other was the size of the slices of cake and pie. They were truly magnificent. Like the hearts of the people who live in



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We went down, after eating the ramps, and worked on a steep slope. I stayed up near the top and sent Tom and a colored man down the slope to cut brush and trees. It was hot and when old Tom get "bet up" and the ramps began to volatilize I could hardly stay on the slope above him.

Then there came up a thunder storm and all of us including old Tom any ramps and myself took shelter

Hickory Lodge,  
Bath County, Virginia.

Tom.

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The popularity of these reunions is growing. It would be my guess that Fred Hefner and Tone Lightner would generate the electricity or gas to keep it going. Anyway the ramp which not so long ago was only publicly eaten by some roving bands of seng-diggers has now been received into society.

This was my first visit to the big event. Naturally I tried to show my appreciation by eating more and still more ramps. Instead of being praised I was penalized. I am under strict orders from the committee on preparations to appear next year on the first Sunday in May—if I be then alive and out of prison—with one bed tick full of the little aromatics.

Come all ye faithful! 5-4-33 R.



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# West Virginia Ramp Feast

Continued from Page 13

small pile of powdered sulphur on the crockery bottom is lighted. The top of the jar is kept tightly covered for 15 or 20 minutes while the apples cure in the sulphur fumes. Thus treated, apples retain their firmness and autumny, fresh-picked flavor well into the following summer. The flavor of sulphured apples is so good, Mrs. Pickens refuses to add nutmeg or cinnamon—nothing but sugar.

There's a crowd waiting by 11 A.M. Ramp time comes handily just before the May primaries, and candidates for all the city, county and state offices are always there, handing out their cards and book matches, glad-handing. Some ramp feasts have live country-western music. Sometimes it's canned music blaring from a politician's sound track. These things, coupled with the fact that so many West Virginians consider ramp time the ideal homecoming time, gives the whole affair a happy, old-home-week atmosphere.

**RAMP**s and all their side dishes go beautifully with cold beer, with bourbon and all the other standard tipples, and this is how they are served at private parties all over the state. But, because public ramp feasts are usually held in church basements, school cafeterias, fire halls and the like, hard liquor is not allowed.

Nobody need be deprived of his before-dinner bracer, however. The tailgate of a station wagon makes an ideal portable bar. In various cars parked along the roadway there are Thermos bottles filled with whisky sours. And another party has stashed a jug just over the hill, behind the big poplar tree. (Local joke: That's what makes that tree so popular.)

The hall can seat only 116 diners at a time. Ramp lovers move through by ones, twosomes, parties of a dozen. Sometimes larger groups charter a bus. The meal is served family style, all you want of everything. The staff cleans up the vacated tables, and more customers move in.

**NOT** all of those lined up to pay \$2 apiece are ramp lovers, although they enjoy the other dishes. For their own protection, they must embrace the only practical solution there is: If you can't swing 'em, jee 'em. They eat one raw ramp, with or without bread and butter, and after that they are comfortable in a room full of ramp eaters.

The hall is supposed to close at 8 o'clock. The staff is lucky to get out before midnight. Many cannot wait to be at home at the finish, so they can buy leftover ramps to take home.

Many a ramp lover has learned the

hard way that the powerful herb requires special storage. Put the ramps into a tightly-lidded refrigerator jar. Put this jar into a larger plastic jar, also tightly sealed. Now drop the larger container into a plastic bag, and tie the top securely. Stored overnight in the refrigerator, the ramps still will manage somehow to impregnate the eggs, butter and everything else nearby with their strong smell.

The only way to make ramps behave in storage is to quick freeze them.

Once, long ago, the smell of West Virginia ramps covered the whole country. In Richwood, Jim Comstock, now editor of the weekly *West Virginia Hillbilly*, came out with a special newspaper to celebrate the coming of ramp time. It was printed in green ink, and added to the ink was a generous quantity of ramp juice.

When the edition hit the mails, the special ink left its fragrance on every post office slot, chute, mailbag, mailbox and sorting table it touched, to say nothing of the mail carriers' hands. Postal authorities informed Comstock, in effect,

that if he ever pulled a stunt like that again they would not only put him in jail, but probably under the jail.

The hullabaloo was given national coverage by the wire services, and later a writer-photographer team came around from the *National Geographic* to do an article on ramps and Richwood.

**W**ITH the last customer gone, Mrs. Lucille Bailey, treasurer of the sponsoring Shamrock Farm Women's Club, toted up the receipts and finds them slightly more than \$2,000. The bigger part of this is profit, for local merchants contribute food or sell it at cost for the affair. The 250 pies and the 150 dozen deviled and pickled eggs were brought without cost by the women who prepared them.

Proceeds of this year's feast will be applied to the purchase of new pews for the Ireland United Methodist Church. For this church, in years gone by, ramp feasts have paid for a new roof, hardwood flooring, interior paneling, a new basement, a new furnace and two or three coats of paint. Ramp feasts also maintain the Community Building, and

they bought the truck and building for the local volunteer fire company.

Grant Lewis, a retired steelworker from Essex, is a former West Virginian who hasn't missed a ramp homecoming more than 30 years. He has dug ramps from the West Virginia hillsides and transplanted them near Baltimore. Transplants hold their own, and reap year after year until pulled and eaten, but they won't multiply. Attempts at plantings in other states have had some disappointing results.

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"And there are hundreds of acres of ramps around here never been touched. They may be away up a trail, maybe two-hill carry back to the closest road, but you can park a car, but they're there."

Among serious devotees, who will cross hell on a rotten rail for a meal of ramps when they get that spring craving, a two-hill carry wouldn't be considered an inconvenience.





small pile of powdered sulphur on the crockery bottom is lighted. The top of the jar is kept tightly covered for 15 or 20 minutes while the apples cure in the sulphur fumes. Thus treated, apples retain their firmness and autumny, fresh-picked flavor well into the following summer. The flavor of sulphured apples is so good, Mrs. Pickens refuses to add nutmeg or cinnamon—nothing but sugar.

There's a crowd waiting by 11 A.M. Ramp time comes handily just before the May primaries, and candidates for all the city, county and state offices are always there, handing out their cards and book matches, glad-handing. Some ramp feasts have live country-western music. Sometimes it's canned music blaring from a politician's sound track. These things, coupled with the fact that so many West Virginians consider ramp time the ideal homecoming time, gives the whole affair a happy, old-home-week atmosphere.

**R**AMPS and all their side dishes go beautifully with cold beer, with bourbon and all the other staples.

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**R**AMPS and all their side dishes go beautifully with cold beer, with bourbon and all the other standard tipples, and this is how they are served at private parties all over the state. But, because public ramp feasts are usually held in church basements, school cafeterias, fire halls and the like, hard liquor is not allowed.

Nobody need be deprived of his before-dinner bracer, however. The tailgate of a station wagon makes an ideal portable bar. In various cars parked along the roadway there are Thermos bottles filled with whisky sours. And another party has stashed a jug just over the hill, behind the big poplar tree. (Local joke: That's what makes that tree so poplar.)

The hall can seat only 116 diners at a time. Ramp lovers move through by twos, foursomes, parties of a dozen. Sometimes larger groups charter a bus. The meal is served family style, all you want of everything. The staff cleans up the vacated tables, and more customers move in.

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**N**OT all of those lined up to pay \$2 apiece are ramp lovers, although they enjoy the other dishes. For their own protection, they must embrace the only practical solution there is: If you can't whup 'em, jine 'em. They eat one raw ramp, with or without bread and butter, and after that they are comfortable in a room full of ramp eaters.

The hall is supposed to close at 8 o'clock. The staff is lucky to get out before midnight. Many come late to be on hand at the finish, so they can buy leftover ramps to take home.

Many a ramp lover has learned the

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*A couple crosses a narrow bridge, while other people wait to get in the community hall for ramp feast. Many former West Virginians drive 300 to 400 miles to attend feast with air of homecoming.*



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hard way that the powerful herb re-  
quires special storage. Put the ramps into  
a tightly-lidded refrigerator jar. Put this  
jar into a larger plastic jar, also tightly  
sealed. Now drop the larger container  
into a plastic bag, and tie the top se-  
curely. Stored overnight in the refriger-  
ator, the ramps still will manage some-  
how to impregnate the eggs, butter and  
everything else nearby with their strong  
smell.

The only way to make ramps behave  
in storage is to quick freeze them.

Once, long ago, the smell of West Vir-  
ginia ramps covered the whole country.  
In Richwood, Jim Comstock, now editor  
of the weekly *West Virginia Hillbilly*,  
came out with a special newspaper to  
celebrate the coming of ramp time. It  
was printed in green ink, and added to  
the ink was a generous quantity of ramp  
juice.

When the edition hit the mails, the  
special ink left its fragrance on every  
post office slot, chute, mailbag, mailbox  
and sorting table it touched, to say noth-  
ing of the mail carriers' hands. Postal  
authorities informed Comstock, in effect,

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W ITH the last customer gone, Mrs. Lucille Bailey, treasurer of the sponsoring Shamrock Farm Women's Club, totes up the receipts and finds them slightly more than \$2,000. The bigger part of this is profit, for local merchants contribute food or sell it at cost for the affair. The 250 pies and the 150 dozen deviled and pickled eggs were brought without cost by the women who prepared them.

That if he ever pulled a stunt like that again they would not only put him in jail, but probably under the jail. The hullabaloo was given national coverage by the wire services, and later a writer-photographer team came around from the *National Geographic* to do an article on ramps and Richwood.

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# THE BAD BREATH OF RICHWOOD

## Wild 'Onion' Big In Small-Town Spring Festival

By RICHARD GRIMES

WHEN the last spring snow in the mountains covers the Appalachian hardwoods, the defiant leaves of the wild ramson inch their way through the cold whiteness on the ground and literally permeate the air. Their perfume is not the sweet fragrance of arbutus but the pungent stench of garlic.

It is the time of year, usually near the Easter season, when highlanders skilled in the art of procuring ramps (as ramson is called) can be found climbing Droop Mountain overlooking the scenic Cranberry River in Central West Virginia.

Each person, sniffing vigorously as he goes, is equipped with a trowel, basket, and mattock—a digging tool that also serves as a makeshift cane.

Down in the valley the picturesque little town of Richwood (population 5,003) is preparing for a celebrational festival that might end all festivals for one who has only smelled ramps but has never been brave enough to taste them.



Valliant Dad Shows (Admiring?) Sons and Disheartened Wife How to Eat Helping of Odoriferous West Virginian

IN A STATE where mountain folklore produces many festivals, the custom of eating ramps to celebrate the arrival of spring has led to what may be one of the strangest of all occasions — The Richwood Ramp Festival, called of late The Feast of the Ramson.

It is a time of year when brave ramp eaters in West Virginia and from communities thousands of miles away gather at the wooded settlement. There they devour more than 100 bushels of ramps plus leguminous brown beans, corn pone, home fries, and ham and quench their thirst with sassafras tea.

Ramps have a very strong odor, and the aftermath of eating them might best be described as comparable to the effects of munching on garlic seven days without brushing one's teeth or taking a bath. The essence of ramps gets not only on the breath but also into the system. For days after one eats them, the odor escapes with the perspiration.

In one form or another, ramp-eating has been going on in South-Central West Virginia

since Civil War days. During that war soldiers found the wild food tempting to their appetites and spread the word, and breath, back home.

An annual ramps celebration was begun in 1896 and was officially listed as a festival in 1936, according to an area history buff.

The place where the best ramps grow has become a well-kept secret, and only the oldest men in the community are supposed to know where the prized bulbs cluster. Some take the secret to their graves. Others pass it on to the oldest and wisest of the town.

Eating leeks has been a tradition for generations in West Virginia. The theory is that in the days before refrigerated food came to the hills, ramps were the first fresh, green edibles obtainable in the early spring.

The residents viewed ramps as a welcome tonic. Nutritious and rich in Vitamin C, the bulbs have the capacity to ward off scurvy, which a long winter diet void of vegetables and fruit can bring about. Some

persons assert that a forkful of ramps has more iron than a pound of liver.

A few years ago, the editor of a nationally circulated weekly newspaper scented his ink with the ill-smelling ramps during spring festival time and packaged them for his subscribers throughout the country.

However, Uncle Sam was a spoilsport. The journalist was informed that it was above and beyond the call of duty for postal workers to be expected to make it through the day with such an odor permeating the mail compound.

RAMP eaters by the thousands faithfully turn out on an April day in Richwood to sing, enjoy entertainment, and eat freshly picked ramps that experienced diggers say are better along the Cranberry River than anywhere else in North America.

The ramp — a small highly scented plant — is a cousin of the wild leek. Cultivated throughout Europe, the wild leek is praised by continental

gourmet cooks. The leek is the national flower of Wales, and Shakespeare mentioned it often in his writings.

Also native to North America, it is usually abundant at elevations above 3,000 feet in woodlands stretching from Canada to North Carolina.

Botanically it is classified as an American leek, which is a bulb when it matures. It is a member of the lily family and a cousin of the onion and the garlic bulb. The fact that it is a lily once inspired a visitor to remark, "Ramps may be lilies, but people who eat them sure aren't."

As one approaches Richwood from the north, a welcome sign invites: "Help Us Stink Up Our Town."

An old-timer may yell at you to roll down your car window. If you respond by asking directions to the feast, he will no doubt answer, "If you need further directions, your nose isn't working."

The odor becomes overbearing a block from the festival building.

Inside at the feast site a

ramp lover who has many miles to get to before an overflowing ramps with a clothespin nose.

Highlights of the festival include the election of a girl community as "Belle of a performance by a band show put on by a bander who does pretty fairs of dogs and bears.

Only at Richwood get your ramps raw, fried, ad, boiled, baked, fried according to one old-poached.

LEGEND has it that only men ate ramps and dared go no closer to kitchen. But the celebration and the odor in Richwood grew. It got to the point sons, fathers, and grand were banned from home at a time.

The only solution was women to join the ramp thereby eliminating the objections to the smell.

Another famous tale of time involves a school mistress from a state who was overcom day when her predomin male class showed up of ramps. She was in choice but to dismiss the

Anyone visiting Richwood the right time will easily his way to the ramp if he just follows his nose



# Before the Days of the Sp

It's the age of the specialist in everything—in teaching also. Today, the schools have guidance counselors, supervisors, music teachers, biologists, reading specialists, etc. But time was when the teacher was all things to all people.

I was once one of those teachers—all things to all people.

I taught in the heart of the West Virginia coal mining region, and I was "Teach" to the little sons of the first generation Americans there.

"Teach, come out and play ball with us. Teach, take us for a walk and picnic."

As Teach, I followed a variegated career: 57 different varieties of duties, all the things an "old-fashioned school teacher" had to do. Let me give you a few examples. . . .

When I began teaching civics, history, and physical education in Fairmont, W. Va., a teacher was expected to turn his hand to anything from home economics to plumbing. And I frequently did.

The manual arts teacher disappeared, and overnight I found myself in a world

of bits, lathes, and junior electronics. I learned on the job for two weeks and then suddenly was handed the job of putting electrical outlets in all the schoolrooms so radio programs could be received.

It was not ours to reason why, so I pressed a student assistant,

Marvin, into service (this was the depression '30s) and started a survey of the wiring in the attic. I left my assistant close to the chimney and started walking toward the slanting eaves through the must and dust of the 80-year-old attic. Four paces forward and all hell broke loose. I whipped around to see clouds of dust pour-



## About the Author

Patrick A. Tork, author of this article, is professor of physical education at the University of West Virginia.



Professor Tork

But before joining the university staff, he taught 14 years in the Marion County school system in West Virginia—the locale of these reminiscences.

Professor Tork also is the father of Marine Lt. Dave Tork, who held

the world pole vault record (16 feet, 2 inches) at one time this year.

Professor Tork's recollections were printed originally in the Charleston (W. Va.) Sunday Gazette-Mail, and appear in The National Observer by special arrangement.

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All in all, it made me wish I was a specialist who could stick to teaching. But when the hospital reported that Marvin had no internal injuries, I began to believe it and to relax. Anyway, it kept the dull times off for the first grade and for the teacher—who still wouldn't speak to me for a long time. I did get those outlets in though.

I have always preached to my classes that a teacher must be firm but fair, and I preached it once too often.

I had a health class meeting during the last period each Friday. There were 40 ninth-grade boys who were instructed to bring their books to the class . . . .

ther conversation walked to the c paddle. I never sa class. Their eye could have run through there v attention. I've again. I got up my coattails, a Sidney Carton Scottie locked b the paddle and You know, I've key troubles sh

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A great roar and bellowing poured up an old air shaft along with choking clouds of dust. Feeling my student was dead and feeling doubly guilty, I rushed down the stairs to the first floor and into the first grade.

The young teacher had fainted across the desk into a mess of splayed primers and washable ink.

The students paid no attention to her. They were standing, shoulders crouched, gaping incredulously to the left, held in rigid awe and silence by the black figure rising magically and wordlessly from the black clouds pouring out of the half-opened air vent.

I was anxious to prevent a mob rush for the door. It took me a minute to get the air vent pulled



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At the first class 30 boys forgot their books. I laid down an iron-clad rule—from now on anyone forgetting collects one swat from a paddle (I never gave a boy more than one lick). Twenty boys showed up the next class without books. I lined them up, and there were 20 resounding whacks.

They took their medicine fine. At the next class there were only five forgetters and five swats. Then none.

This worked fine till the day I rushed from gym class to the health class. I whizzed in to my desk, sat down, and reached in my pocket for my keys to my desk. No keys. I searched desperately through all my pockets. No keys. Forty boys were looking at me with the fixity of a bird dog pointing quail. Unnerved, I mumbled, "I believe I've forgotten my keys."

Scottie, my prize student, rose from his seat, walked to the front of the room, and said:

"Mr. Tork, I believe we have certain rules and regulations in this class."

I ran tongue over my dry lips and replied, "Scottie, I'm afraid you're right."

"I don't think there's any need for fur-

County school system in West Virginia—the locale of these reminiscences.

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*Teacher Tork's Days in the Schoolroom*

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ther conversation, Mr. Tork." Scottie walked to the cabinet and got out my paddle. I never saw such good attention in class. Their eyes never left me. You could have run a hamburger cart right through there without distracting their attention. I've never had such control again. I got up from the desk, spread my coattails, and bent over. I felt like Sidney Carton mounting the guillotine. Scottie locked both hands tightly around the paddle and hit me a terrific whack. You know, I've never had any book or key troubles since.

In the old days there was a distinct spirit of camaraderie among the teachers, who were all things to all men—a spirit that is not quite as evident today in our era of guidance counselors, statistical specialists, and other experts. This was a fine spirit, and it didn't do to trifle with it, as I found to my grief.

One day, early in my career, I stumbled by chance on an odd protective custom of the teachers.

Whenever the superintendent of schools, a sternly Jovian figure, came to inspect the classes, the first teacher to spot him would send a student with an eraser to the first grade. The first grade teacher in turn would send it on to the second grade teacher, and so on until it raced through the nine grades and all the teachers were on their guard against a possible visitation from "ol' Fuss and Feathers," their private name for the superintendent.



One of the students had told on me, and with the aid of the janitor the teachers had deluged me. I looked pretty stupid that day teaching history and civics in my gym suit, but at least it was dry. And the water cure cured me permanently of "passing the eraser."

In an age of non-specialists the teacher performed many an intimate duty that a graduate of our colleges of education today would probably balk at. The first-grade teacher had a little boy pupil who was very dirty, never took a bath, and carried about him an odor that lifted the noses of the class. Finally in desperation the teacher asked me to bathe him.

Feeling somewhat reluctant, I took the little chap to the shower room and stripped him, thinking what a multitude of duties a teacher's job involved. I turned the shower on, but the boy wouldn't go near the water. I tried to shove him under; but he fought like a professional football tackle, getting me under the shower in the process.

Finally I had to strip down and hold him under the shower. But when he finally came out he was as clean and immaculate as an operating room.

Thereafter, every time this youngster saw me he grinned up eagerly—"Mr. Tork, let's we take a shower." His conversion and immersion were sudden but complete.

Then there is the ever-ready problem of discipline. Today, a teacher would not dare lay a hand on a child in reprimand, even if he were defended by a battery of Harvard legal talent. Things were a little easier in the old days.

I recall walking through the hall one day years ago at the noon hour and hearing Frank, one of our eighth grade boys, blessing out in the crudest terms the sixth grade teacher who was monitoring the hall. His ugly words seemed such

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The teachers dreaded a visitation from him, felt it to be a harrowing experience.

In my youthful ardor, I found this situation irresistible. From time to time, I would swear a student to secrecy and get him to start an eraser around when the superintendent wasn't within 20 miles of the building.

For a month, this really kept them on edge, and they puzzled no end over this rash of pass-the-eraser incidents. For a month I was secure in my pride as a practical joker and I felt I could continue upsetting the distraught teachers indefinitely.

It was fine until the morning I found my office door partially open; I pushed in, and had to swim



there were seven teachers and a janitor there in my office laughing and laughing.



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"My dad'll get ya' for this. You better buy me a new shirt."

Sure enough, an hour later the principal called me into his office. Frank's dad was there and wanted to see me. After he got through a five-minute tirade, I finally got a chance to speak.

"Now let me explain a minute, Mr. Doe. You want people to respect your wife. You have a daughter here in school. You want the boys to respect her, don't you?"

He agreed, reluctantly.

"But that's what your son didn't do. He used language to the teacher that was ugly and abusive. You want your boy to be courteous and a gentleman. That's why you're sending him here." I went on in this vein, and he gradually quieted down. "Now, I'm sorry about Frank's shirt, and I'll be glad to buy him a new one."

Mr. Doe thought for a few seconds,

them all.

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# Was an Odd-Job Man

me, then he picked up his miner's cap from the principal's desk and waved his hand deprecatingly.

"Mr. Tork, if Frank do that again, you kick hell outa him."

Today, Frank is a stellar citizen. Incidentally, I didn't have to buy him a new shirt.

But there were, of course, many poignant experiences that occurred while I taught these children of the coal miners, railroaders, and professional people. Some were so painful I cannot bear to recount them now.

Let me relate one incident to represent them all.

I once had a fifth-grade student named Charley, who lived in a coal mining camp two miles from our school. He was a fine boy, intelligent and blessed with a graceful, strong body. He was my favorite student and such a remarkable natural athlete that I had hopes of his moving into professional baseball and making a career of it and thus helping his family—a number of West Virginia boys have done this.

One day his mother sent him to the company store for groceries. A coal train had stopped on the tracks in front of the store. Charley was in a hurry, and he climbed up on the couplers to get to the other side. Just as he reached the top of the car couplers, the train started with a sharp jerk and toppled Charley down between the tracks. His left arm fell across the rail, and the train wheels passed over it. He reached with his right hand to pull it off and the wheel passed over two fingers of his right hand. He lay on his back until 60 coal cars had passed over him, then got up, picked up his severed arm, and walked home with red arterial blood spurting out from the mutilated stump.

By one of those miracles no one can really explain, Charley eventually got well. I taught him up through the ninth grade. He was one of the best boys I

Schaus, head coach of the Los Angeles Lakers, wrote to me, "I played golf yesterday with Johnnie McKay, head football coach of the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. He told me how instrumental you were to his success through your encouraging him to continue his education."

I remember Johnnie as he was when I had him from the first through the ninth grade in the Fairmont public school system. And I rejoice at his success.

I remember also a knock on my door one night long after midnight during World War II. I opened it with the uncertainty one felt in those days. Young Billy stood there in his navy uniform. Billy had been a good pupil of mine. He wouldn't come in, but stood for a few minutes under the bleak porch light. He had been on the USS Hornet and was one of the few survivors

when it was sunk by the Japanese in the Pacific. He had been through a lot, and it weighed on his mind; he knew I was concerned about him, so he stopped to speak to me even before he reached his own home.

There were strong personal ties between teacher and pupil in those days.

But today this personal attention is impossible. Specialization has nullified it. We must now have guidance counselors whose special work is to handle the personal problems of the students. IBM machines teach children language in language laboratories. All is glorious mechanical.

No doubt this is necessary. No longer teachers of academic subjects no longer have the time to devote to the personal student. But something is lost that





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By one of those miracles no one can really explain, Charley eventually got well. I taught him up through the ninth grade. He was one of the nicest boys I have ever taught. By another miracle, which I suppose you can partially explain by spirit, Charley became the school softball pitcher, played basketball, and developed into an outstanding tumbler. He could do more with one arm and three fingers than most boys of whole bodies.

He remains one of the most courageous persons I have ever known.

So now I take the backward look, a glance back over 30 years of teaching. I see not a blurred mass of faces but individual students, boys and girls with individual problems, problems I have helped solve, feeling a kind of wonder at seeing a little way into the strangeness of a mind and soul developing. Each student's problem became a special case; none was unimportant.

There is a great pride, too, coming from this teacher-student relationship, a pride that swells up when a young man or woman, now running strongly and successfully in the race of life, pauses long enough to remind you of how you helped in their difficult times.

I felt this pride recently when Fred



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No doubt this is necessary. No doubt teachers of academic subjects no longer have the time to devote to the problems of each student. But something irreplaceable has been lost here; namely that rapport between student and teacher, which in the old days was at the very heart of the learning process.

Who can imagine a clutch of grubby fifth-grade urchins running up to a squat IBM machine and chanting, "Teach, come out and play ball with us," or "Teach, take us for a walk and picnic today."

Now that I teach in a university, I look back at the long diminishing corridor of innumerable students. Thousands of their faces line the long corridor of time running back to 1929, my first year as a teacher. These faces have cost me thousands of dollars—dollars I would have made in the very lucrative positions offered me from time to time if I would abandon teaching. I was tempted; but I did not fall. I have never regretted it. It's far better than being a millionaire, this being "Teach."

And I hope that in 1990 some lad who is 20 now will be writing with this same satisfaction his own, "Confessions of an Old-fashioned School Teacher."



# School Talk

by Gibbs Kinderman

Our guest columnist this week is B. B. Williams, Pocahontas County Superintendant of Schools - in 1915! He wrote this column at the end of the 1914-15 school year. It first appeared on the front page of The Pocahontas Times, June 24, 1915. Mr. Williams had a true passion for education, a passion which comes through clearly in his words. In June 1915, Mr. Williams was a deeply frustrated man. He believed, as do I, that without the strong support of the parents, the school system can not truly succeed in educating the children of the community - and he felt that support was insufficient. Do his thoughts hold a lesson for us, 79 years later?

## The Schools

The school year will in a few days close, and varied are the experiences of the school officials of the past year in the discharge of their duties. As one of the school officials of the county I am of the opinion that the schools are about as efficient as they ever will be until the public sentiment can be changed to cooperate with the efforts of the teacher and school officer. The teacher, pupil, patron, board member, and trustee are all and each an important factor in the great system of general and public education, and until these factors work in harmony and cooperate in the advancement and progress that the system of public instruction must make in order to meet the demands of the age there will

will necessarily be some changes in some neighborhoods. Some schools that have been running will have to close under the new law which requires an average daily attendance of ten pupils. Common school graduates living in districts not supporting a High School will have the tuition paid by the board of education of their district if they attend some high school in the state. Boards of education have more power along the lines of consolidation than they have heretofore had.

The following may be of some interest: Common School graduates for this year - Elementary Test.

- \*Edray District - 8
- \*Green Bank District - 23
- \*Huntersville District - 11
- \*Little Levels District - 22
- \*Total - 64

Highest average made by any pupil in one examination of the year was made by Noel Phillips of Green Bank district - average 97, and the next was made by Miss Blanche I. Dean of Huntersville district, whose average was 92 per cent made in one examination.

Number teachers employed:

- \*Edray District - 43
- \*Green Bank - 56
- \*Huntersville - 21
- \*Little Levels - 32
- \*Total - 152

Sixty-one teachers from other counties and ninety-one home teachers. Certificates - 70 ones, 63 twos, and 19 threes.

B. B. Williams, Co. Supt.



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Let cooperation and harmony be the watch words for the coming school year. For the last four years I have studied school conditions in this county and I am of the opinion that our schools would be more than twice as efficient had we the sympathy and cooperation that an honored system like the schools justly demands at the hands of every right thinking person. Parents permit their children to attend the movies, loaf about the streets and country when they should be preparing their lessons for the next day. As the county superintendent of your county, I want to say that no child or pupil can make any thing like progress while he habitually attends the picture show or neglects to study.

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